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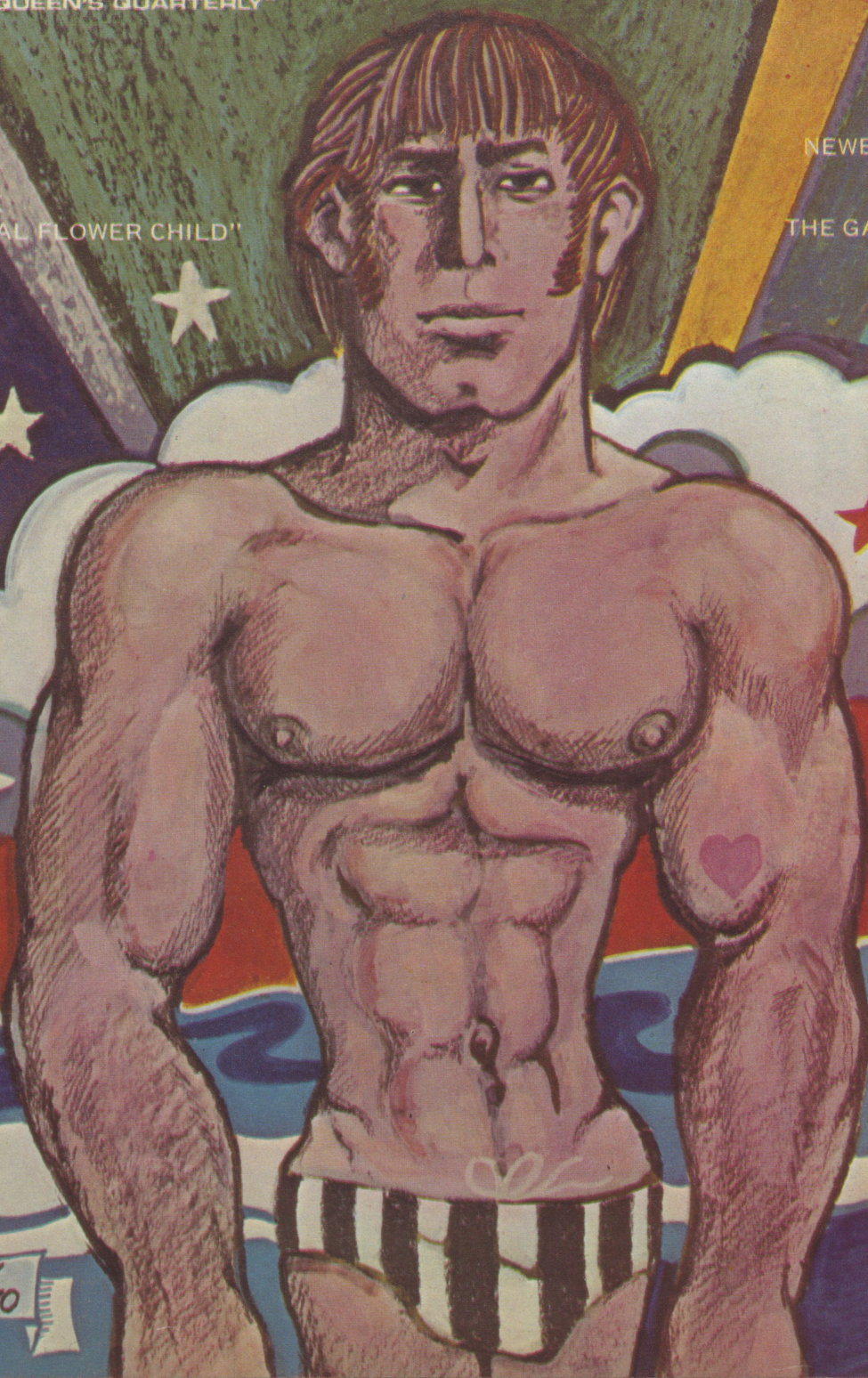
SPRING 1970

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SPRING 1970

VOLUME 2

NUMBER 2

| | | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------|----|
| Editorial: QQ is Going Bi— | by The Editors | 5 |
| Pygmalionism | by Walter Norris | 6 |
| The Pumpkin Coach | by John Coriolan | 9 |
| Afro-Mod is In | by Philip Bailey | 11 |
| You've Come a Long Way, Baby! | by Edwin Gordon | 14 |
| Satyriasis | by Alan Henning, Ph.D. | 16 |
| New Guy in Town | by Frank Keating | 18 |
| Male Fraud | by Gerry Waldrop | 21 |
| Younger than Springtime | by Frank Samuels | 23 |
| Personalized Cologne | by Terry McWaters | 24 |
| An Alphabet for John Cruisers | by Sam Pfeifer | 26 |
| "The Damned" | by Philip Duncan | 28 |
| The Voice of the 70's | by Woody Colbert | 31 |
| A QQ Research Clinic Feature | | |
| The Man Pill | by George Desantis | 32 |
| Amebiasis | by Roger Watson | 33 |
| A Warning to Users of Poppers | by Bud Parker | 33 |
| Gay Amsterdam | by David Parker | 35 |
| The Super Adventures of Harry Chess | by A. Jay | 50 |
| The Relevance of Oscar Wilde | by David Loo | 53 |
| A Lesbian on 7 | by Dianne Leslie | 54 |

On The Cover: "Superboy"—an original oil painting by Mickey Max, owned by QQ

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Q Is Going Bi-



Spring, 1970

“MEN are such beasts!” says Prudence Pill—but we love ‘em . . . so we’re going bi—(monthly, of course). Beginning with the Fall 1970 edition QQ will be issued every other month. Now, mind-blowing as it may be to continue to label a bi-monthly (which will go monthly soon afterwards) “quarterly”—it would cause retail sellers to shoot their cool; a “quarterly” logo would cause buyers to show up every three months for newsstand copies, which would result in lost sales for the seller and lost editions for the reader.

Hence, “Queen’s Quarterly” is now registered as “QQ—For Gay Guys Who Have No Hangups.” The new logo appears on the cover of this issue.

Thus far we have released issues according to the seasons. With each change of season a bigger and better QQ could be expected by subscribers and newsstand buyers. Our Summer 1970 edition will be issued on time, on June 21st—Summer. The Fall 1970 edition will break with Fall, on September 21st. Thereafter, QQ will be published bi-monthly, the first issue appearing on November 21st.

Subscribers who have purchased quarterly subscriptions at \$5 per (a savings of 75¢ on the copy over newsstand price) will, of course, receive their complete subscriptions—a total of 4 magazines. At that time, on receipt of the final issue, they will also get a renewal notice for bi-monthly subscription, rate having been adjusted accordingly for the extra magazines. Copies will continue to be sent in heavy manila envelopes, unmarked and carefully sealed.

From its beginning, readers have had one consistent complaint about QQ: “Give us more magazines. It’s too long to wait between issues . . . I find myself reading the articles over and over again while waiting for the next edition. And I’m really hungup over Harry Chess; poor guy has to hang suspended from a meat hook for three months before the next exciting chapter reveals how cleverly he wrangles himself out of a hot spot.”

Now our beloved Harry will hang there for only two months. Soon, just one month—which will give you adequate time to read each issue just once before the new edition arrives.

There’s more. Improvements have been constant from the start. This policy will (Continued on page 38)

PYGMALIONISM



A LOVE SO WARM IT CAN MELT A HEART OF STONE!

BY WALTER NORRIS

IF you examine a handful of snowflakes under a magnifying glass you will note that no two have the same configuration, yet all blend scintillatingly into the glowing picture that is the existence of snow.

Homosexuality is illuminated by much of this same pointillism of nature, blending countless deviations and permutations into a common relationship that is the beautiful existence of gay life.

Because it is so intensely personal there is one aspect of homosexuality of which little is written. It is the loneliest and most mysterious because it is exercised in secret, for the love it expresses is so singular and poignant, so deep and crying-in-the-wilderness, that the intrusion of another human element destroys it. It is called *pygmalionism*. Those who connote pygmalionism only with the Greek legend, or with the Shaw play, or the musicalized *My Fair Lady* do not entirely perceive the mysticism and, to the pygmalionist, the sheer ecstasy of it.

Aphrodite The Bitch-Goddess

The difference between Pygmalion of Greek mythology and the pygmalionist of gay life is that the former was a misanthrope and the latter is not. Passionately devoted to his art, Pygmalion was happy only in the silent world of his own creative sculpture. His misanthropy was a result of his disgust at the conduct of the Propoetides. These were girls in Amathus who felt the kiss of Aphrodite's whip when they rashly denied her divinity. To punish them she instilled in them such immodesty that they lost all sense of shame and prostituted themselves to all comers, thus becoming the first hookers in history. (And don't forget that she also invented the hermaphrodite!)

And so Pygmalion shunned the society of women. But while he deplored what Aphrodite had done he continued to venerate her as a goddess. And it paid off. When he had created an ivory statue of a woman of extraordinary beauty he promptly fell in love with it; then, when the cold image of his creation did not respond to his protestations of love, in tears he besought the intercession of Aphrodite. She took pity on this singular lover, and so one day while pressing the inert statue in his arms Pygmalion felt the ivory suddenly moving; his kisses were returned . . . and the statue became miraculously alive!

Sacred and Profane Love

The pygmalionist is often profoundly religious—not necessarily sectarianly religious, but one who feels deeply and mystically about the order of the universe. He develops his own cabalistic liturgy through which he attempts an interweaving of sacred and profane love; a rite that may seem blasphemous to the orthodox—or unintelligible to the uncomprehending—but through which he acts out the alpha and omega of sexual sin and expiation.

He is not some esoteric individual in love with a mad guru, but is usually a man temporarily suspended in a category beyond normal comprehension who uses a life-size statue of the nude Christ figure as both outlet for sex and avenue to salvation.

He seeks to infuse the statue with all his love, his ardor, his very being, then paganizes it with passionate embraces and wild, mind-blowing kisses . . . achieves a flash-flood orgasm . . . then, totally spent and in tears of grief over his profanation, repairs to the foot of the Cross in an abject

plea for forgiveness. Even to the most pious theist surely this is no greater an exercise in depravity than, inversely, that of Carrie Nation who not only 'liberated' saloons with her ax, but would throw shawls over nude, outdoor Cal-varies!

The physical appeal which impassions such iconolatry is the beauty of the model, and it is in countries like Italy that this form of pygmalionism finds its largest number of adherents. Since Michelangelo, the Italian model has been heroic in scale, extremely muscular—with sublime symmetry—and nobly endowed in the pubic area, being invariably tumescent or semi-so.

Conversely in Spain, where pygmalionism is not rife (but who's counting?), the model is less nourishing, being cadaverous . . . attenuated . . . long of fang and shank . . . more suffering of visage . . . and seemingly as sexless as a stewed rutabaga—in the tradition of El Greco, being more Ignatius of Loyola than Steve of Reeves.

Iconographers in the United States usually select a Michelangelan type as matrix, stamping out lifesize statues of handsome young crucified bodybuilders in *verismo* style which find their way to churches in small towns where pygmalionism is widely practiced.

Just recently in a village in Kentucky parishioners of a church were puzzled by the rapid erosion of their plaster crucifix which had to be frequently repaired, reinforced in the area of the crotch and repainted. At first it was thought due to a leaky roof, temperature fluctuations or the vagaries of weather, but later it was found to be caused by the nocturnal pygmalionism of its young janitor!

The Statue That Would Melt A Heart Of Stone

Lest anyone think the practicing pygmalionist is an outcast from gay society it should be noted that the homophile world has its vicarious pygmalionists as well, for we all share a secret passion—we are all celebrants of a universal love-in whose center of adoration is Michelangelo's David. Is there one of us who is not in love with him?

David is ageless—a lover for all time. In our world he puts the 'tempo' in 'contemporary', for his long, flowing hairstyle is as relevant to our society as to that of the sixteenth century. The beauty of his proportionately-scaled longline body is what today's gayoungguys seek to emulate . . . not the beefcookie muscle-man so dear to the hearts of the barbell world. It is a beauty that moves to tears because its perfection is so unattainable. David would melt a heart of stone.

Last year a large New York department store mounted a full-sized replica of David—all eighteen feet—in conspicuous view on the main floor at the base of the down-escalator. Psychologists would have had a field day studying the immense crowds who came to see it. As people rode down they would gaze raptly at David, adoring his glorious head . . . his magnificent body . . . sexually savoring every detail right down past the crotch of him, being more than a little maddened by their inability to effect a more tactile exploration.

Then would inevitably follow a fast 'ring-around-the-rosy' as each fevered butterfingers scrambled for the up-escalator to be top man on the 'go-down' express for a second, third, and often fourth round-trip (although it was rumored that many gay guys and horny hens brought box lunches and made a day of it!) (Continued on page 38)



The Pumpkin Coach

By John Coriolan

The short story on this page is by John Coriolan, an important new name in homosexual literature. Coriolan first received critical notice as author of **THE SAND FORTRESS** (Award Publishing Co.) and represents a formidable talent.

My several copies of **SAND FORTRESS** have been constantly on loan. I have been anxious to share such keen enjoyment with my friends, for I have felt that this novel has many of the promises of greatness, of enduring value. Topical but universal, timely but almost timeless, compassionate and sympathetic but not emotional, the plot develops with theatrical attention to both episode and characterization.

I am gratified that the Editors of this magazine are able to offer this further example of Coriolan's magic—written especially for the readers of **QQ**.
—David Loo

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novel of homosexuality
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published

**A
Sand
Fortress**
John Coriolan

INSTEAD of going across to Sayville to mail his weekly letter to Marv, Laddy entrusted it to Cy who would remember to post it as he and Oliver drove through town. Oliver would have put it into his jacket pocket and forgotten it for two days, then absentmindedly have mailed it from New York or from Fire Island Pines when he returned, thereby upsetting Laddy's carefully maintained project of making a good pile of money at the Anchor Inn in the notorious Pines while keeping Marv in blissful ignorance of his real whereabouts. Laddy hated deceiving Marv even this little bit, but the whole point of the summer separation was to get some real cash in hand so he could buy into Marv's dad's electrical firm and legitimately be with Marv even before his lover's divorce from Loreen was final. And with Laddy away from Passaic and Marv this way, they weren't tempted to meet on the sly and maybe get caught by Loreen who was still suspicious and resentful. When Marv had announced he was divorcing her, she had said she suspected he had been meeting someone during the winter. Fortunately she had been so busy running around with a local character named Floyd, going openly to Floyd's apartment, getting herself talked about, that she hadn't checked into Marv's activities and didn't have any evidence at all to fight with or cause scandal with, much as she would have liked to.

Their first meeting had been purely accidental and casual—Marv had seen Laddy waiting impatiently outside the bus station, on his way home from classes at Fairleigh. Ridiculous, it was raining, they had seen each other around for a couple of years and Marv even knew where Laddy lived; he had offered Laddy a lift as anyone living in the neighborhood would have; Laddy gladly accepted as anyone would have. And in five minutes they were parked behind a building being constructed, each straining to hold the other closer and enjoy his kisses more ecstatically, as any two young people might, who had wanted to get together for a long time and finally had. After that they had carefully arranged their meetings and partings and made love only in remote corners of drive-in movies and once on a narrow cot in a room Laddy took at the baths. They had avoided giving Loreen any excuse to contest the divorce or demand alimony or make a stink. In the fall Laddy would buy into the Morristown store and take an apartment there, away from bitchy Loreen and his own three loud-mouthed brothers, and the lovers would really let go.

From the deck of the Anchor, Laddy watched the ferry pull out. He waved briefly to Oliver who blew him a kiss. Oliver and Cy went into the City on Tuesdays and came back on Thursdays. What a life. Oliver talked with the composer of the show he was doing arrangements for and Cy just shopped in the most expensive places, where they had charge accounts of course, and went to the newest movies. Being a school teacher, Cy had the whole summer off and, besides, he was independently rich—his income was even bigger than Oliver's. Laddy envied them their easy money and their elegant house down on the oceanside dunes, which had been featured in several magazines, the city duplex he had only heard about, their clothes, their purebred weimaraners, their parties, the way they could tip him or the other waiters ten bucks without batting an eyelash. Of course they rarely tipped any of the other boys ten dollars—Cy was too canny and sober to do that or let Oliver do it if he could stop

(Continued on page 39)



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Vest: Imitation pony skin with silver chain embroidery, \$25 in black only. Swimsuit: Vinyl, \$12 in brown, black, and white.

Afro-Mod Is In

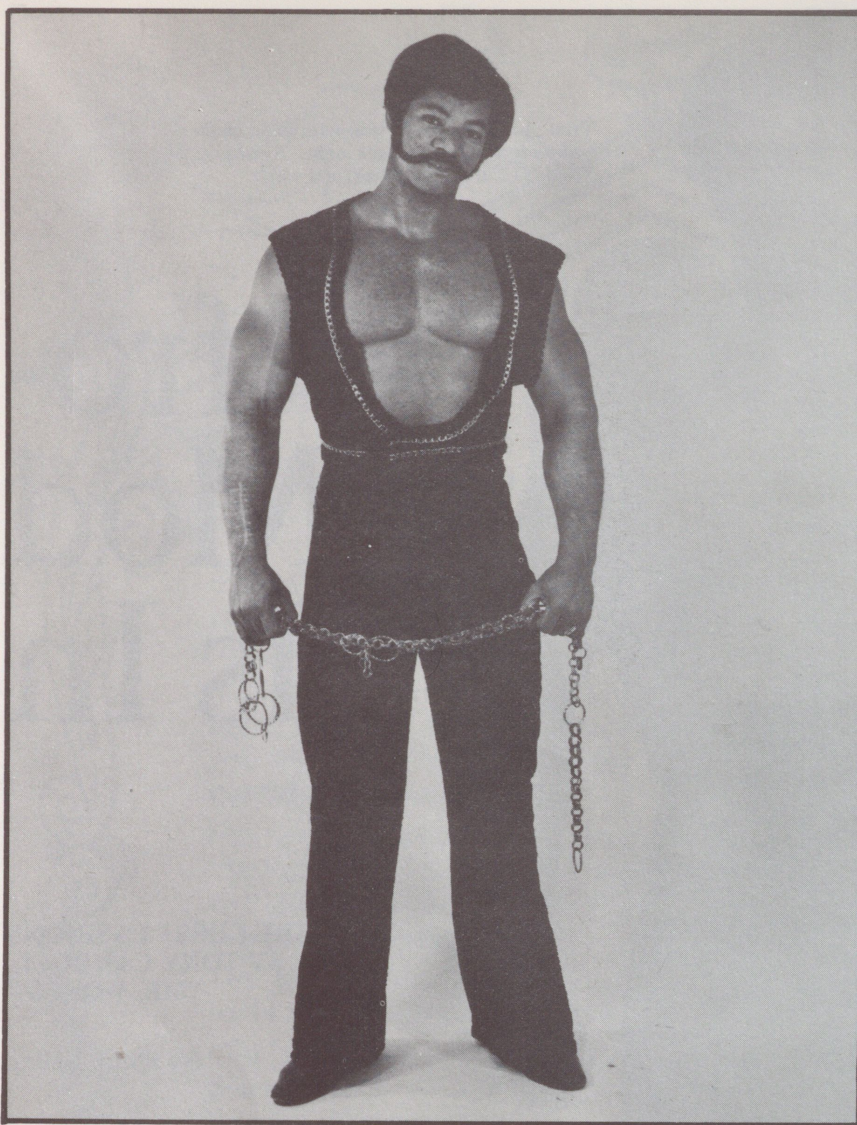
BARE CHEST FASHIONS
BY TONY CARROLL,
"MR. WORLD"

By Philip Bailey

TONY CARROLL is a big man. At 6 feet 3 inches he weighs 250 pounds. His chest measures 57 inches, his waist a trim 31, giving him an incredibly tapered torso. Tony's arms exceed 20 inches around. All muscle. He has won such physique contests as "Mr. Bahamas" and "Mr. World," and has placed high in several "Mr. America" and "Mr. Universe" events.

What does a guy this size who has a normal budget do for clothes? He buys at a fat man's shop. Or he makes his own.

Tony is originally from the Bahamas. Even before he grew to his present dimensions he was keenly interested in fashions and came to New York, where he joined the Traphagen School of Design. There he learned to 'knit one, purl two'—so *small* Tony was ready to accommodate *big* Tony with some stylish clothing when the



Vest: Imitation pony skin with silver chain embroidery, \$25 in black only. Trousers: Imitation pony skin bells, \$40 in black only. Combination makes a groovy suit.

Swimsuit: Elasticized metallic sparkle, \$15 in aqua, red, blue, gold, silver, and black. A favorite with "Mr. America" physique contest champs.



time came.

Tony's African heritage lent itself to an appreciation of vivid colors, and his fondness for casual mod styles plus his ability to produce, all blended to help him create his own exclusive line of fashions for men. At first he concentrated on designing custom clothes for his formidable gym buddies, but then he discovered that his unique garments had greater appeal, and he at once modified his creations to fit the average guy.

Tony, who trains at the Mid-City Health Club in New York City frequently stops traffic on 42nd Street on leaving the gym, muscles pumped up after a workout, his huge chest exposed in a way-out creation of his own. Big on accessories, the startling effect is heightened by baubles and bangles and links of groovy chain swinging from his neck.

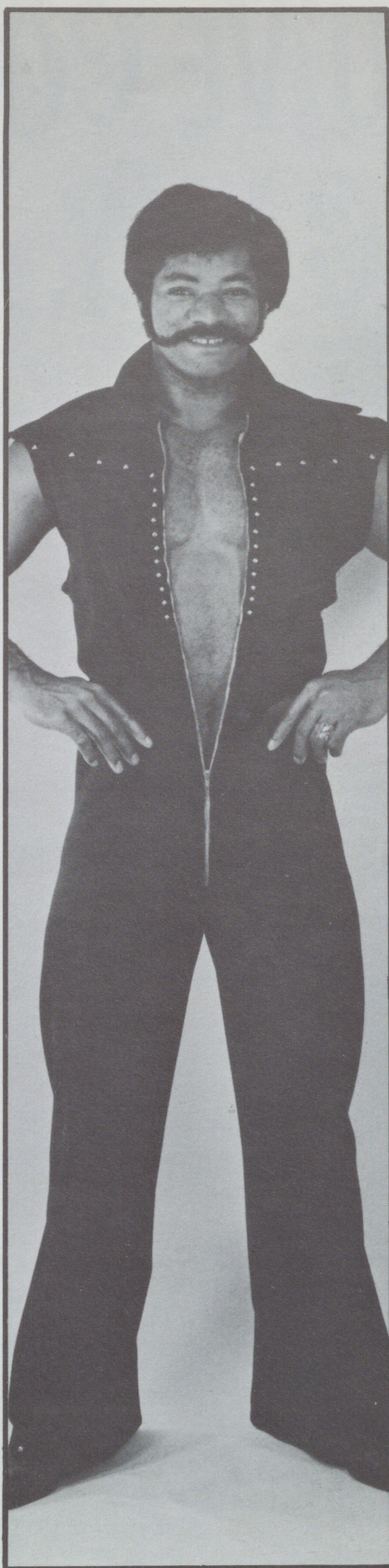
The fashions you see here are Tony's newest, in keeping with the trend towards the bare chest look. Leading fashion designers are in fact concentrating on baring men's nipples, and this summer you will see lots of open chested shirts and vests and jumpers. Such fashions are easily acquired in bigger cities, but for those of you who live in small towns, Tony Carroll may be your answer to keeping abreast (no pun intended) with the times.

To order any of the custom garments seen here simply send complete measurements with your order. For upper body wear, measure neck girth; base of neck to end of shoulder to mid upper arm; Adam's apple to center of chest an inch above the nipples; end of shoulder to end of shoulder across the chest; Adam's apple to bottom of abdomen; upper arm girth; chest girth, crossing the tape measure over the nipples; and waist. For mid body garments, send waist and hip size. For lower body items, measure waist; hips; inseam to end of inside cuff; thigh girth; and calves. Send your dimensions along with a diagram if possible, and specify which garments. Because all items are made especially for you, payment must be sent with your order, and you should give Tony at least 2 to 4 weeks to fill it. His address is: Tony Carroll, c/o Mid-City Health Club, 210 West 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

Tony has a fabulous collection of swim suits. He'll gladly send you a brochure featuring them. Just drop him a note and it's yours free of charge.



Vest: Vinyl with "military braid" trim, studs and rings, \$35 in black and brown. Trousers: Striped cotton bells, \$25 in brown, gray, and black.



Jumpsuit: One-piece whipcord bells with studs, \$40 in dark gray, light gray, and off white. Bat-wing collars. Zippered for quick take-off.



Vest: Vinyl with edge trim and waist studs, \$25 in black and brown. Trousers: Gaberdine bells, \$20 in off white and black. A hip-hugger.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY!

A LOOK AT GAY LIFE THEN AND NOW

BY
EDWIN GORDON

LAST summer, supported by the thoughtfulness of a wonderful lover and a magnum of champagne, I became instantly untrustworthy by turning 30.

Recently I tricked with a guy who had just turned 20. (My lover and I have a Modern Marriage.) After sex we fell into a long discussion on attitudes toward coming out. I would have called the conversation a "bull session;" he'd have said "rapping." Even that semantic distinction underlined the age difference, but the generation gap soon became even more apparent. I realized that kids today have the most marvelously uninhibited and understanding attitude towards the whole gay scene since the caveman first discovered there's more than one orifice to attack.

If we homosexuals occasionally get discouraged by the remnants of bourgeois prejudice against us, we can take heart that the younger generation has come a long way, baby. It's one aspect of the generation gap that is to be welcomed with open arms or anything else one cares to open.

"Let the sunshine in," they sing in "Hair," and when it comes to attitudes towards homosexuality, the sun is pouring in so brilliantly it dispels the shadows in any closet queen's cupboard.

Those of us 30 and over can only stand back and marvel at the felicity with which today's teenagers adjust to being gay. It's enough to make a chicken queen out of anyone and enhance the feeling that the '70s are indeed going to be swinging.

Without making it an ego trip, let's just stroll down memory lane to the late 1950s to see what today's kids are spared:

- Remember when gay pornography consisted of muscle-builder magazines that were air-brushed so much the weight-lifters might as well have been wearing bloomers?

- Remember when Joe McCarthy would have crucified someone like Walter Jenkins?

- Remember when we wore flat-tops or duck-tails and pants with a buckle in the back—but never anything that would show a basket?

- Remember when "Tea and Sympathy" seemed pretty risqué, even for Broadway?

Of course there were guys coming out then at a relatively young age and with a minimum of consternation. Whether in 1957 or 1579, I suppose there always have been some homosexuals lucky enough to avoid personal or social complications and just skitter off on their merry way.

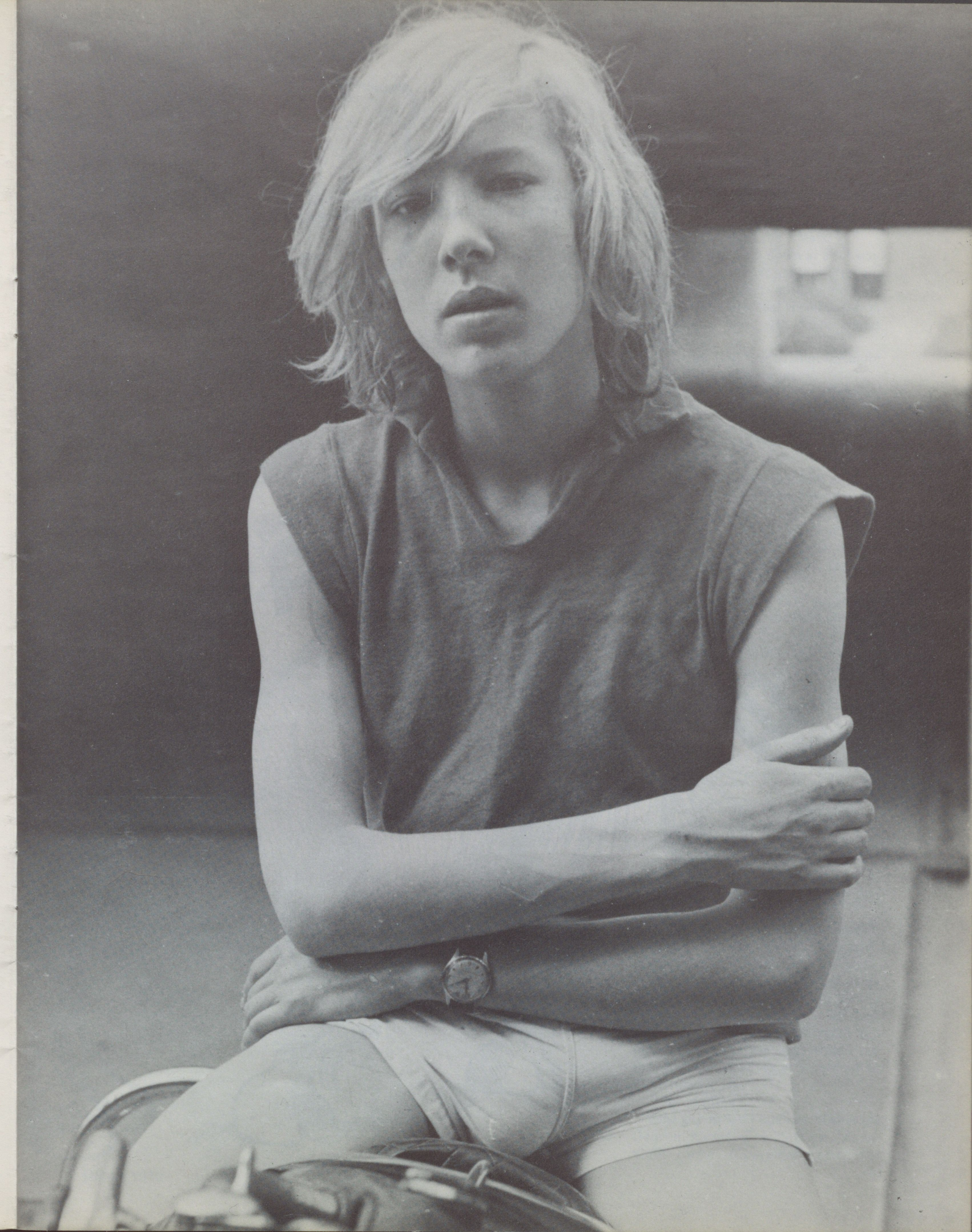
But I was reared in a conventional family in a Babbitish midwestern town, and back then, GSM stood not only for Great Silent Majority, but also Get Straight, Mary! Homosexuals were "degenerates" or, among the village intelligentsia, at least "emotionally disturbed." The attitude may have been more enlightened among our city cousins, but even there one kept one's gay proclivities concealed in a plain wrapper.

It is tragically true that, 10 years later, life in smaller communities can still be rough. "The Boys of Boise," a horrifying book about the persecution of a pathetic little group of homosexuals in that town, remains a warning to guys who come out in rural areas: get the hell out and to the city!

That's what I did, spending my first college years in Boston. My initial homosexual encounters, I blush to recall, were quickies in an all-night theater in Scollay Square, since mercifully demolished. I'd walk down a creaky flight of stairs to the men's room as though descending into Dante's inferno. A yellow bulb gave a urine-colored tinge to the Harvard and M.I.T. boys leaning against the cold basement walls cheek by jowl with super-dirty old men. The setting was as putrid as the odor. You couldn't help but feel degenerate.

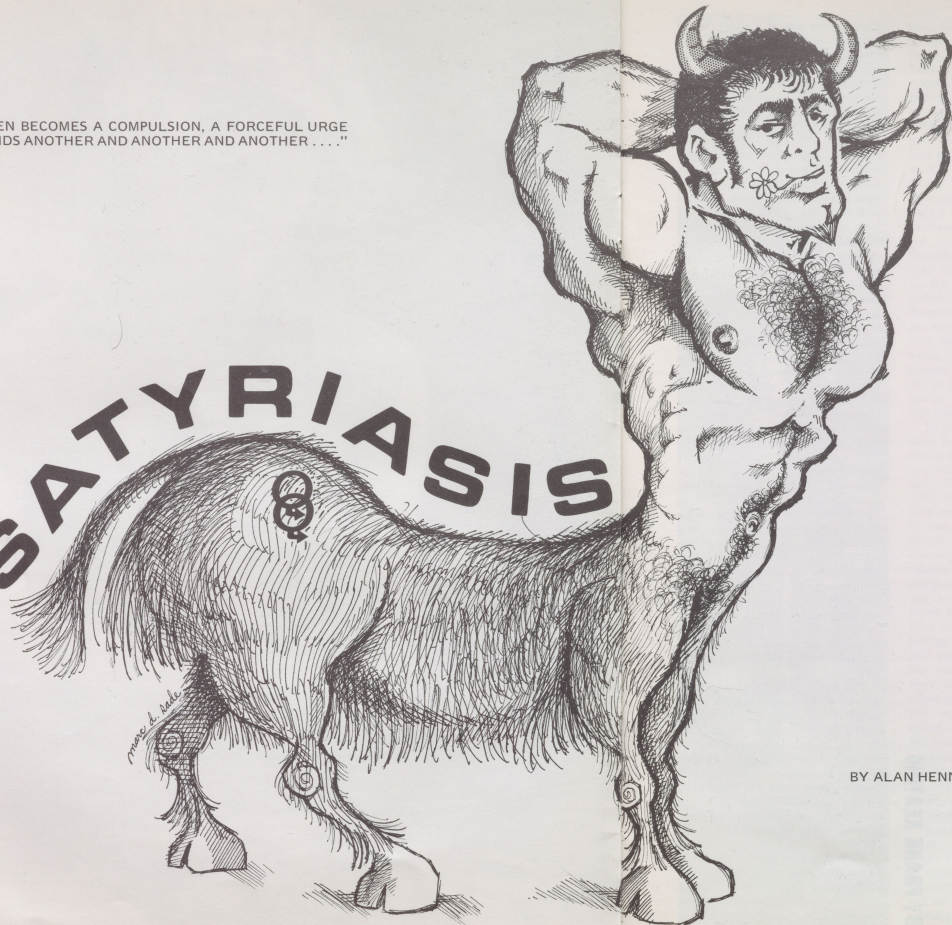
But it was the only place I knew to go. Bar guides and gay publications were unknown

(Continued on page 42)



"... SEX THEN BECOMES A COMPULSION, A FORCEFUL URGE THAT DEMANDS ANOTHER AND ANOTHER AND ANOTHER"

SATYRIASIS



BY ALAN HENNING, PH.D.

THE more you get, the more you want.

•So you get up from your cot at the bath and head once again for the steam room with its slurping, sweaty, anonymous and abundant sex.

•Or you say good night to one trick, scurry back to the bar, and work in two more quickies before it closes and you have to hit the streets.

•Or you plop down at a subway john and do one after another after another after another until your jaws ache and the toilet seat is embossed on your butt... but, wait, here comes another one...

It is true, God love us, that the more we get, the more we want.

But is there such a thing as getting too much? Not in the "Oh, Mary, you're too much!" sense, but in the more serious, even frightening concept of satyriasis.

That is the male equivalent of nymphomania, the unquenchable desire for never-ending sex. The word (pronounced sat-er-EYE-ah-sis) comes from "satyr," the mythical demigod, half man and half horse or goat, given to lasciviousness.

Whether you are a dirty old goat or a frisky young lamb, the only clear-cut observation is that how much you get and/or want is a highly individualized characteristic. One man's seafood appetizer is another man's chicken pot pie. You may be pigeon-holed gay, straight or bi; M or S; leather or drag; butch or nelly. But when it comes to computerizing gay guys' sex drive, the range is from "so-so" to "can't get enough."

Your sex drive, in other words, is something no one can fold, staple or mutilate. It may vary from time to time with your physical or emotional health, but for better or worse, it's yours and there's no point in worrying about it.

For example, the Masters-Johnson Report, "Human Sexual Response" (Little Brown, 1966), noted that some of the men interviewed reported being satisfied with sex once a week. At the other end of the scale, some felt that 28 times a week was about right. It's likely that some gay guys would say they prefer to have sex even more than three times a day.

Why so often?

One guy in San Francisco blames his frequent horniness on "Simone," an invisible cat he (Continued on page 46)

JUST recently a friend visited his aging mother in one of those cold states out west, where in spring it is not uncommon to find a beautiful boy thawing out against a barbed wire fence, after having been iced solid and covered with snow in a wicked winter blizzard. My friend stayed with his sister and her husband, who live in a small town of about 50 "clean livin' folk." There, delicate Bessie and manly Sam boasted to him of their part in executing a "God damn queer."

A boy—a gentle, beautiful boy of only 18—following his natural desires could not resist the temptation to 'love' a couple of the town's studs; goons who first allowed themselves to be 'serviced' and then ridiculed the young man, a victim of circumstance. Word spread quickly and shook the town so violently that it was generally agreed the boy should be punished. With the blessing of a bigoted preacher and the approval of the sheriff, a few toughs took the boy to a wintry bluff, stripped him and threw him to roll and tumble 50 feet down a snowy incline. Being left for dead, this gentle boy, so blond, so beautiful, a god among the gay had he been born in a big city, had the will to live. For 12 miles he braced the cold wind, trekking through deep snow in a vain attempt to reach shelter, an abandoned cabin he knew of. Several days later his body was found, now blue and stiff, his blond hair faded and brittle, the soft lines of his buttocks breaking a snowy blanket of death.

He was buried quietly, by whom no one knows. Perhaps a secret lover; perhaps by someone who will escape the same fate by leaving that evil town as a lasting tribute to a love which was silenced before it spoke. Maybe that man whose hands laid the boy to rest will, out of complacency and fear of what is unfamiliar—a big city—remain to grow old and gnarled, condemning himself to an empty life of bitterness. Even old maids are not put to such suffering; they at least are accepted socially.

My friend, helpless and sickened by the story, could not stay. Suddenly, the very womb which gave him life seemed depraved. What he had held in his heart as love all these years now abandoned him; had he not returned he would have at least preserved a golden memory of those he believed dear to him. One wonders: Had he been exposed before moving to a big



TIPS ON MOVING TO THE BIG CITY

BY FRANK KEATING

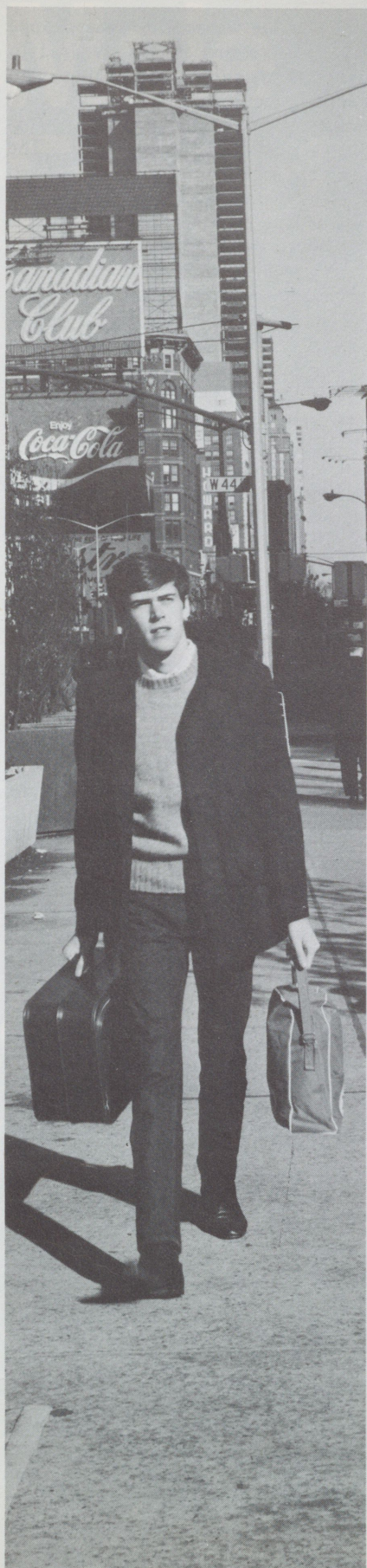
city, or even now as a visitor, would his own mother have held the stake that surely would have been hammered into his heart?

Bizarre as this story may seem, it is nonetheless true. Such films as "Easy Rider" point up the bigoted ugliness that exists in this country, in people everywhere who fear anything different from themselves. Indeed, that movie should be seen by every minority group, and especially by homosexuals. Such modern witch hunts as the trials in Boise, Idaho a few years ago must serve as a warning to any gentle boy who believes others love as he and are capable of understanding and acceptance. We at QQ long for that day. Certainly the world is making progress: God bless the young people and their sexual outlook. God bless the demise of Victorian principles and our new awakening. But before the world sees with open eyes there will be countless attacks on all minority strains, and we who are gay are prime targets.

If you are trapped in a small town read these words well: Keep your wits about you while you are living among those who would do you harm. Acquire a good education to help secure your future. As soon as you are of age, leave. Join your people wherever they congregate, in gay meccas here in America or wherever homosexuals are given license to live and love as they must. Moving away cannot cause lasting hurt in your mother's heart; if she loves you she will understand. Letters, a telephone call, an occasional visit can keep your love and hers alive. Remain and you may kill that love, by causing heartache and misery for yourself and those who are entangled in a web of hypocrisy from which there is no escape.

This article is addressed mainly to the young. But even if you are not so young, if your spirit for adventure and longing for freedom have not left you, use my advice as a propellant for liberation. If you have already escaped let these words serve as a reminder that no matter how rough you have had it, and no matter how many hills you must climb, your decision was right—for love cannot be fettered. If is life itself.

When you have reached your decision to leave, proceed slowly. Choose a city wisely—one which will afford anonymity and comradeship among your own kind. The place you choose



Spring, 1970

must be a gay mecca in which homosexuals are allowed to live and love freely. Foremost in America are New York and San Francisco, with Los Angeles and Chicago next in line. Here and there, especially in California, are communities in which the gay life flourishes, for in these locales gay guys have united and increased their numbers by not relenting to outside pressures at first, and by dislodging straight society from within through their obstinance to leave. So intolerable does such a situation become for straight dwellers that in time they are thinned out. Most large cities, here and throughout the world, by nature of their indifference afford a sanctuary for the gay. If your move cannot be complete; that is, moving hundreds, thousands of miles away, then move to the nearest big town where you will at least find others like yourself living in harmony and happiness, even if in limited numbers. You may decide to remain in such 'transitional' towns. If you do not, your residency will condition you for a bigger move.

If you are attending college the move becomes simple. By wisely selecting a college in or near a gay mecca, you will be making a safe transition, and with the blessing of your parents. Once matriculated, once familiar with your new city, you will find it relatively easy to remain after graduation. If you are not a student, then, after choosing a city, investigate job opportunities. Visit your local librarian, or newspaper editor. He will secure for you the names and addresses of newspapers in the city of your choice. Now it's a matter of sending for a copy of Sunday's leading newspaper, in which you will find numerous job listings. Not only will these listings give you some idea of wages paid, but will afford leads for jobs—even if you must first register (by mail) with several placement agencies. Moreover, you will learn (by reading the ads) how to construct a 'situations wanted' ad for yourself, advertising for a position in a big city paper—and possibly securing employment by mail even before leaving home.

Such newspapers tell you much more. You can examine the 'apartments available' ads, and get some idea of what rents are like. A look at the department store and supermarket ads will tell you a lot about local fashions, clothing and furniture prices, and the

cost of living in general. Overall, the newspaper will clue you in on the town's tempo.

Pay attention only to establishment papers. Seeking employment through an underground paper, gay or straight, will only get you involved with insincere people who make a practice of preying on the young—promising but never giving the world in return for one night with your body.

Perhaps there is an employment agency in your home town; there may be a listing just for you. If you attended school locally, visit the principal or guidance counselor to secure his aid in helping you locate a good job elsewhere. Oftentimes, local educators will go overboard to help, for in you they see the chance for escape they may have missed years ago, and your liberation—even if left unsaid—is an expression of their own desires. If you now have a good job, your supervisor will respect your honesty if you take time to discuss your plans (not entirely, of course), and may, in fact, be able to land you a solid interview with a friend who is in a hiring position in a big company in your chosen city.

If you leave after securing employment you will have accomplished a difficult task successfully. But do not let unemployment deter you. Take with you enough savings to keep you sheltered and fed for at least three months, and as soon as you are settled in a temporary home, scan the want ads and register with job agencies. Groom yourself, dress conservatively, be persistent and be ready to support all the claims you have set forth in a type-written resume. Don't settle for an unattractive position, but if the job is at least tolerable, accept it, and once you are settled you can quietly seek employment elsewhere. By then, you will have made friends, and opportunities will come your way.

Don't buy a new wardrobe before leaving. Styles vary in different cities, and you should not buy clothing before knowing exactly what's in vogue. Take with you a conservative dark suit, a couple of white shirts, a dark tie, underwear, shoes, and an overcoat if needed, as well as enough casual wear to keep you snapping on the gay scene after job hunting. Always in style are wash pants and dungarees, sports shirts and tee shirts, windbreakers, sweaters, and loafers. You may not be the 'picture of

(Continued on page 52)

MASTURBATION has always been a prime reason for buying pornography. You look at the picture and start daydreaming about what it would be like to make it with that groovy guy. First thing you know—it's Alexander Portnoy time again.

Porno is also a tool in the seduction sequence. He's shy. He hesitates when you get to your pad; he'd rather rap about how his mother made him a homosexual. Zap! You haul out the photo album, thumb through the physique magazines, or switch on a skin flick and the effect is faster and more potent than a popper. If the dear little wallflower doesn't respond to porno, you'd better reevaluate your approach. You may be suffering the agony of dandruff and even your best friends won't tell you. No one—repeat: no one—is ever going to turn down the chance to groove on *dirty pictures*.

Gay movies can be useful ice breakers at orgies, particularly if your guests know one another and each is afraid to kick off the first loafer (thereby endangering his reputation as a proper young miss in front of his sisters). Movies or slides can melt inhibitions faster than hot friction on Vaseline.

Why is pornography such a turn on? Simply because we all enjoy fantasizing. ("Man, how I feel that stud's succulent butt . . .") Unless you're so hungup on yourself that you rival Narcissus—photos of other guys grooving are a sure blood boiler. While the psychology of making it with Kodak is simple, the specifics may vary: some guys dig wall posters; others prefer to spread a prize collection on the bathroom floor. No matter; the appeal of porno is as old as the gay graffiti on the walls of Pompeii and is likely to accompany man on his first trip to Mars.

Pornography can become a fixation for some. The old auntie sitting in his closet drooling over his favorite photos of African sailors probably does not represent the epitome of mental health. Some persons resort to porno because they're too hungup on Victorian guilt about being gay to go out and make real contacts. Older homosexuals may find it more convenient to buy a sex book, trudge home and masturbate, rather than risk rejection by cruising.

Whatever the motivation or disadvantages, it's obvious that gay pornography has had a renaissance in this country in the last five years, the likes of which haven't been since the Kama Sutra.

Credit for this goes to the Supreme Court, particularly to some landmark decisions during the tenure of Chief Justice Earl Warren. Most of the test cases involved heterosexual publications, but the overall effect liberated publishers of gay porno from blue nosed censors and Eisenhower era post office snoops. Today, material may be sent through the mail if—taken as a whole—it has redeeming social value; does not violate community standards; does not appeal exclusively to prurient interests; and is not advertised in a pandering way. Recent rulings have had some limiting effect on the sale of questionable material to youths. Thus, most order blanks now contain a blurb obligating the buyer to sign a statement that he is over twenty one. Moreover, most publishers now include a notice that they will remove your name from their mailing list if you find the material objectionable.

So much for the theory underlying pornography. Now for the models—without whom porno would be resigned to cavemanlike scratchings on john walls. Is it a glamorous

life for these angels of pleasure whose very images evoke frenzy in some men? Can stardom in the raw lead to brilliant theatrical careers? Or is it living hell for those who find themselves victims of circumstance?

Consider this example: A well known physique photographer in the East has a tie in with the syndicate. The syndicate controls a gay bar where young studs are allowed to build up a big bill. The management is nice until it gets the word. Then the customer is told, "Pay up or get a broken arm."

The kid doesn't have the bread and starts to sweat it. Then the management suggests that its friend, a physique photographer, might help. All the kid has to do is pose and the bill will be forgotten. He's trapped. He finds himself in a life of shady people with a ruined reputation. As long as his body is in demand he lives a good life: easy money, even if only adequate; popularity among the gay set, buyers of his pictures. Soon his face begins to show lines of mental anguish and the effects of alcohol and late hours. Finished as a model, his lack of skill in other fields relegates him to hustling for a buck.

Another giant porno combine uses a different ploy. Good looking kids are invited to pot parties where the grass is free. Soon hard stuff is offered gratis and the kid eventually becomes hooked. As a mainlining addict he's willing to pose not only for beefcake, but for hardcore flicks, just as long as he can shoot up.

Other operators concentrate on the fathers of beautiful boys, especially when the kids desired are too young to frequent bars, or swing at pot parties. The old man, beyond repair physically, is duped into attending a wild party at which pictures are secretly taken. A few days later he receives prints in the mail and is instructed that he must either put his boy on the line for "art films" or face his wife—after she has received a duplicate set of sexy pics showing the old man boobing it up. Occasionally there is a backfire—if the little woman is understanding and the police are brought in. More times than not, however, junior finds himself on the cover of a mini basket book.

All this may sound like Little Nell led astray by the mustachioed villain, but the tragedy is this: there is no handsome hero to get the poor dear off the train tracks before the Super Chief rumbles by. It is sad but true that a lot of the teeny boppers who run off to La Big City may know how to gyrate in bed, but what they know about exploitation by gangsters wouldn't fill your mother's thimble.

Of course, not all models for gay porno (especially where softcore muscle mags are concerned) are addicts or victims of some sinister conspiracy. Several prominent fashion models and actors got their start via beefcookie mags. Even Steve Reeves posed sans bean bag early in his career. Los Angeles is probably the capital of the gay porno game in America. Stories are told in Hollywood of famous movie and television stars who pay outrageous prices to buy back the negatives of sex films they made before they hit the Big Time. But then, hadn't they been exposed they may never have had the chance to be discovered in the first place.

Lots of gay guys regard posing nude as a kick, sometimes during sex in front of an automatically timed camera. Later, both guys can use last night's pics to turn on again. Some models are hustlers for whom making sex movies is a more reliable source of

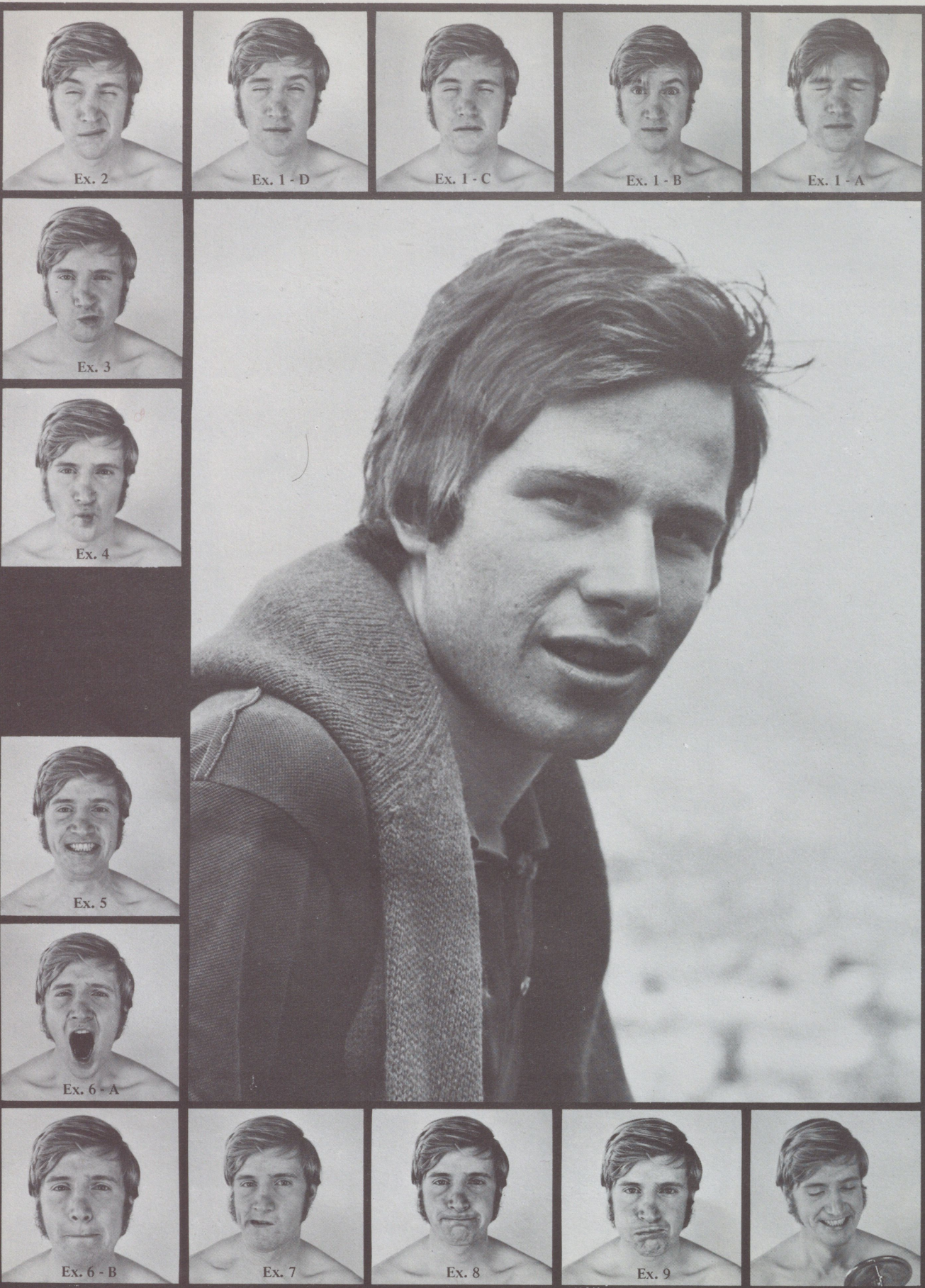
(Continued on page 52)

Male Fraud

AT LOOK AT
GAY PORNOGRAPHY
AND ITS VICTIM—
THE MALE MODEL

By Gerry Waldrop





Younger Than Springtime

...keep your face young, radiant and vitally alive with these groovy do's!

By Frank Samuels

IT is often said, to the envy of the straight world, that gay guys are ageless. And it is so. There is a radiantly youthful ambience in gay life. Indeed it is not uncommon to see someone who may be a chronological 40+ looking as if hovering merrily on the verge of puberty!

"What's his secret?" the straight square enviously asks as the tolling years bring on the Dorian Gray syndrome. "Has he *really* discovered a 'fountain of youth'?" The obvious answer is that he has discovered his own personal fountain of youth and the secret of staying vernal young—*working* at it. And to him it's a labor of love.

He works consistently at looking young. His body is absolutely 'flabules'. He cares for his face as if nurturing a rare flower. He dresses young . . . thinks young . . . grooves to young ideas and is seen only with gayoungs. Working to stay young frees himself to be himself . . . free to do his thing.

The poet Kahlil Gibran wrote "Work is love made visible. If you bake bread with indifference you bake a bitter loaf that feeds but half man's hunger." And he might well have had the envious straight individual in mind when he wrote "And if you grudge the crushing of the wine grapes, your grudge distills a poison in the wine."

The Gay Approach To The Body Beautiful

The gay guy's approach to the body scene is the total look . . . the totally terrific picture. Unlike the less-esthetic straight bodybuilder he does not seek to pile the massiveness of Godzilla on a protesting bony framework, but the more symmetrically tapered physique of Michelangelo's *David*. He knows that the physique of the very massive bodybuilder in time becomes its own liability because it must be trained ever harder to be kept in reasonable shape. Such a physique is virtually impossible to keep 'young'.

Moreover, unless Mother Nature has given the straight bodybuilder a good leg structure he often settles for 'half a build' . . . an overpowering torso perched on indifferent legs. But the gay guy does the complete 'gam bit' and works Spring, 1970

diligently on them to make them as flawlessly symmetrical as his torso.

It is at this point that the straight bodybuilder ceases 'thinking young'. He forgets that he also has a face to be kept as youthful as his body. And so he contents himself with the performance of the primitive rites of scrubbing and shaving it—possibly throwing caution to the winds by dabbing on after-shave lotion—and that's it!

For the gay guy, however, cosmetic techniques are only part of the picture. Equally, or more important, is that daily period he devotes to the performance of facial exercises, and it is with this aspect of the total picture we deal in this *precis*.

The Juvenescent Effect Of Facial Exercise

There are 55 muscles in the face and they must be exercised (at least commencing in the twenties) or they begin to lose their youthfulness, tone and flexibility, just as any other neglected muscles. Like all the other muscles they must be fed high-protein nutrition and exercised in an individualized pattern . . . not by just 'making faces' haphazardly but with actual exercises done in series (sets) of repetitions (reps) like bodybuilding exercises.

In the group of exercises given here there may, of course, be some you do not presently need. For instance: if your chin has a strong contour you need not practice the 'weak chin' exercise (Exercise 10). But the exercises you elect to work with should be so concentratedly performed that the muscles are exercised vigorously from complete extension to complete contraction. In this way they will remain firm, tightly-woven, and have a youthful contour.

It will be wise to have a mirror in front of you as you perform the exercises. At first the expressions you produce may titillate you. But facial exercises are no laughing matter, and after an initial period you will get down to the solid work necessary to making the exercises effective.

With the exception of the first movement (a 4-part sequential movement) begin

(Continued on page 37)

Personalized Cologne

a delightful put-on to turn 'em on and keep 'em on

HAVE you often felt you'd like to create your own uniquely personal cologne . . . something very special that expresses your personality more affectingly than the usual commercial gook? You can, in a very clever way, and with little expense.

Too frequently anything 'do-it-yourself' turns out to be a Baby Jane horror you wouldn't even wear to a Halloween tacky party, and this is more gruesomely true when you try to formulate your own cologne through trial-and-error methods (translation: *mix 'n mess*). But done the QQ way all your experiments turn out beautifully and you create an illusory antenna from which you send out powerful signals to gay guys telling them what an 'at-trick-tive' number you are . . . sexually stimulating and kissy-around-the-rocks.

Even with the best of intentions *parfumeurs* rarely come up with anything unusual for men. With few exceptions their 'triumphs' are routinely citrus, spice, leather, bosky-woodsy or floral. Those few exceptions—and they are wonderfully imaginative and wholly delightful—we should like to share with you.

But first let us point out that many feminine perfumes can be transmuted into compatibly masculine scents the QQ way and you may wish to explore them. Possibly you've occasionally been intrigued by an unusual perfume and you've thought "How delightful . . . I'd love to wear that myself but I just wouldn't dare! It's too sweet (or 'exotic' or 'too distinctly feminine') to be practical."

Yet you can, and quite easily, by veiling its too-feminine overtones through a simple alchemy, and this—with its natural reaction to the more ruggedly-different chemistry of the male skin—will reward you with an art-masculine scent . . . a clever put-on that will cause everyone to believe it was created especially for you!

By
Terry
McWaters

QQ's 'Instant Magic'

The catalyst for your experiment is *Noxzema Instant Medicated Shave*. Get the 'plain' (in the blue-and-white container) instead of 'menthol' (in the gray-and-blue can) or it won't work. This cream contains three oils and a bit of camphor (the latter most necessary to the alchemy). Just after you've bathed with a non-scented soap (*Pear's Unscented* or *Hershey's Cocoa Butter Soap* are very good) towel dry briskly.

Then shake the *Noxzema Instant Shave* vigorously and release a generous dollop into your palm. Add several drops of your chosen perfume to the cream. Mix well with your tricking finger and rub sensuously over your gladiator pectorals, deeply into the sexy serrations of your abdominal muscles, and—lastly but not leastly—under your crown jewels. Then sacrifice two minutes of your time to give the acid mantle of your skin a chance to encapsulate the now-scented oils.

Remove the cream with a dampened (but not dripping) washcloth or sponge. *Pat* (but not rub) dry with a paper towel. Don't use a nappy, turkish-type towel which either erases scent through friction or absorbs too much of the scented oils. You will have a magically-muted scent that will last for hours, during which time it remains a suggestion of nuance rather than a bold statement of fact. Or, as Martha Graham might say, "the shadow of the wind" rather than the full-force gale. (And you'll drive him wild . . . if not from sexpertease, then certainly from sheer curiosity!)

There are very few perfumes which are not amenable to this treatment and they are of a high singular concentration such as *Tabu* and *Narcisse Noir* (although anything 'narcissus' is hard to tame). Also, you might eschew anything 'gardenia' since this flower is defiantly feminine and no alchemy can masculinize it. And to many the smell of gardenia is nauseating.

Here are some perfumes that work agreeably with the QQ treatment:

Germaine Monteil's *Royal Secret* and *Nostalgia*. Many men use *Nostalgia* in its original cologne form; it's a kind of 'crossover' scent that understates, while enhancing, the masculine image. And that's no small achievement.

Caron's *Fleurs de Rocaille* (the QQ treatment deflowers the 'girl' and the result is 'young boy', and even fresher than the *rock garden* from whence its name).

Many men love Elizabeth Arden's *Blue Grass* and would love to wear it if only it weren't so dominantly feminine, and now can with the QQ treatment.

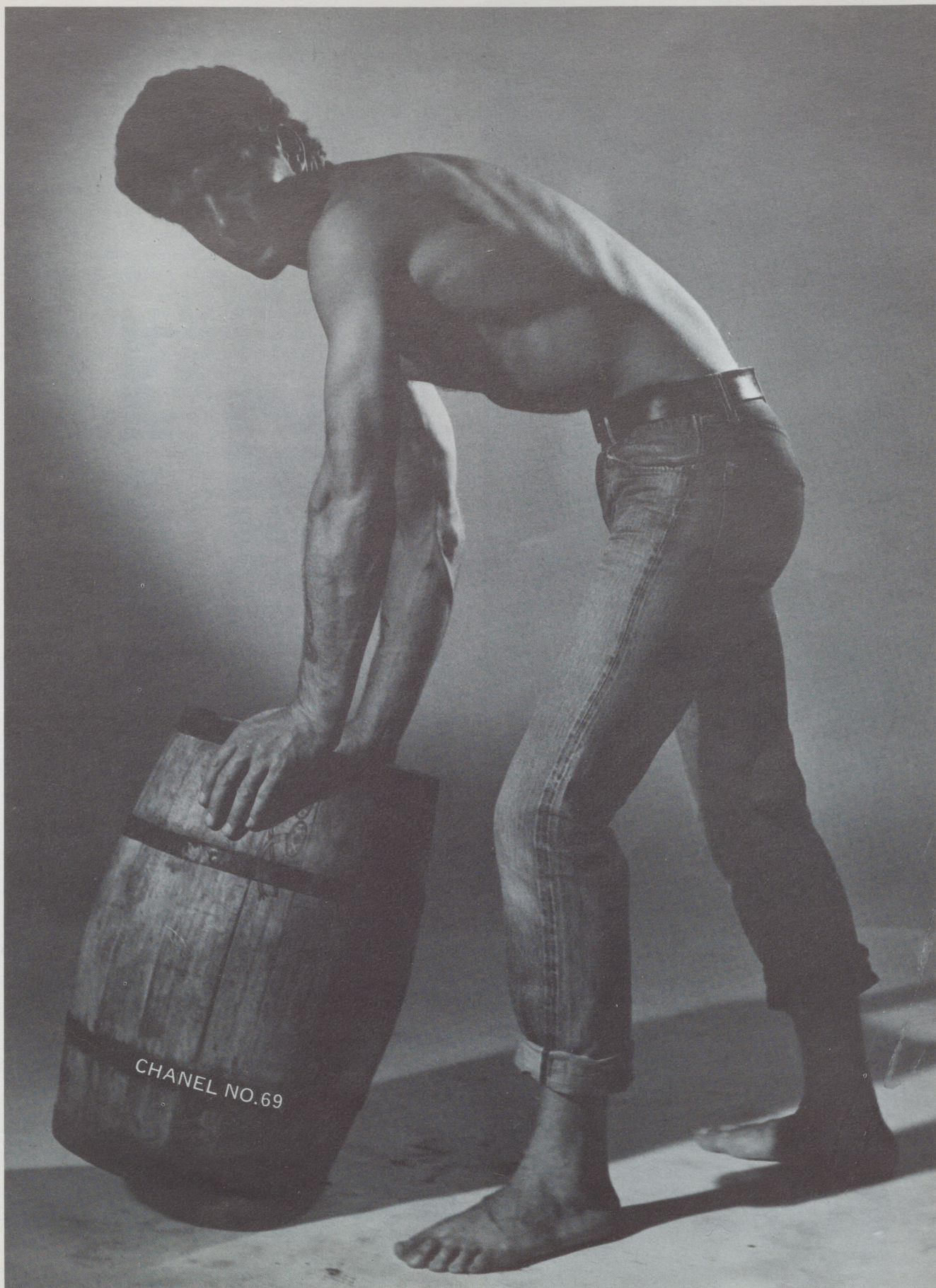
All the Pierre Balmain perfumes are exciting and QQ translates their sexy language into understandable 'masculine'. They're really 'turn-on'.

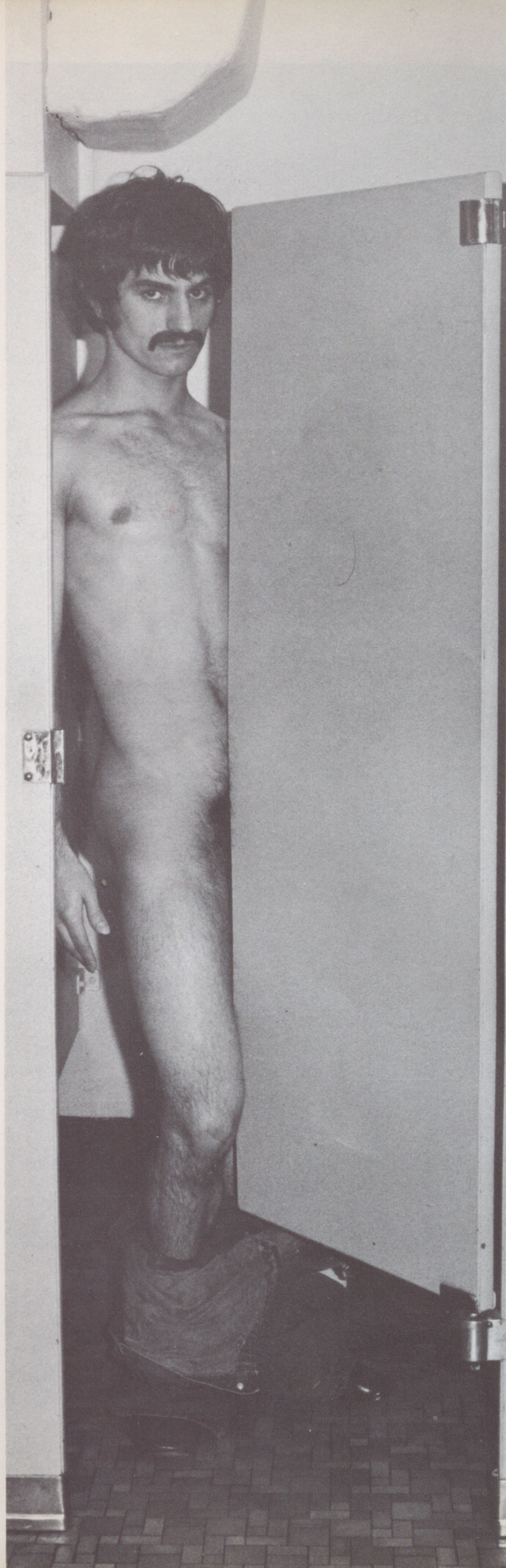
If you like a bit of mystery you'll find the *orientale* of Guerlain's *Shalimar* and *Mitsouko* mutes well under the QQ treatment . . . and it's not 'occidental' either!

But why not go on a sniffing spree and come up with something *you* believe transmutable? Inevitably you'll find something that intrigues you. And it's fun to try!

A Chest Full Of Charm

If you think all this is just too much you might try the simpler old-fashioned way with a potpourri of dried flowers. Ask your local herb dealer for a mixture of his dried blossoms. Place them in small (Continued on page 45)





AN ALPHABET FOR JOHN CRUISERS

Suggestions For Happiness In The Head

By Sam Pfeifer

HAVE you heard about Shopping Bag Sally? Seems there's a guy who cruises department stores. When he makes it he takes his trick to the nearest public john for action in a stall. Now, there's nothing unusual about this so far, right? Not if he used gay johns. But Sally makes the scene in *any* john—even high traffic spots where straight guys'd pounce on him if they knew what was going on. What's Sally's insurance against being slugged? Shopping bags, as if you haven't guessed. When the coast is clear he has his trick join him in a stall, placing one leg in each of two shopping bags. To someone in the room it looks as if a busy shopper is doing his business—and Sally slurps away in comfort. Cool.

Until a couple of seasons ago there was a john at Coney Island which was the toast of Gaysville. Sarah's, it was called, because Sarah, a lady who was all-too-knowing managed it, and for the occasional gratuities she received, protected it from Billy Law by giving warning coughs, or greeting cops and unfriendly strangers with big 'hello's'—loud enough for customers to hear.

You paid a dime to get in. On each side of a long room was a row of old fashioned toilet stalls, and 'connecting' them were glory holes. You might say 'wall-to-wall' glory holes. Sure, Sarah's was cruised by the brightest flames in town, but what made the john really exciting were the straight guys who'd wander in every now and then, spot the action and get turned on by a glory hole being rimmed by a long tongue. Resistance lasts only so long—even for toughs. Sometimes it got so wild glory holes weren't needed. As Sarah was once overheard telling a friend, "Ah looked in and there dey wuz, four foots in duh same stall all in duh same di-reck-shun."

Alas, Sarah's is no longer. The john is still operational, but it's no longer gay. Its downfall was caused by friends of Sarah, who worked her off days. Greediness caused them to demand big money from regular patrons, and it was done so openly that it frightened everyone away. Its owner, an aging queen who had a hangup for glory holes, sensed its decline and retired to Indiana, where his only pleasure is now cutting holes in john stalls with a linoleum knife at county fairs.

I dig johns. "Vulgar!" my prissy friends condemn. "Risky. You'll get caught sooner or later!" squeamish friends warn. But for me johns mean Super Fun without social pretense—lots of action with just enough danger to make it as exciting as Russian Roulette. With years of experience under their belts, john cruisers take certain formalities for granted. It occurred to me that many readers, young and old, might not be as up on john etiquette, and that seemingly unimportant details which are second nature to a seasoned toilet queen are keeping newcomers from scoring. I therefore present suggestions for happiness in the head, an alphabet for john cruisers:

Antiquity is a giveaway of gay johns. Reason? Old men's rooms are given little attention. Hence, no concern on management's part. There are no bright fixtures to mar, no clean walls to deface. By installing a coin slot on the door management can collect tons of dimes from gay users and not spend more than pennies on maintenance—at most, an occasional dousing with ammonia and a clean roll of toilet tissue. Dirty johns deter straight users, who want cleanliness. When forced to use crumbling men's rooms they

buzz in and out for fear of catching crabs. Such johns are usually found in railroad stations, bus depots, old movie houses, second rate hotels (especially when near the hotel bar), old court houses (especially when located under steps, with access from the street), and dingy bars (not necessarily straight, but those frequented by construction workers and the like). College towns are sure hits. Go directly to the library john, especially if it is in an old building. If luck isn't with you, try the Student Union building. You're bound to make contact here, and, if limited, ask the first guy you meet to fill you in on other hot spots on campus.

Bowel movements should never be had in gay johns. Everyone will be turned off on you. Reserve your toilet for straight heads. Urinating, if not inconspicuously accomplished, is sometimes a turn on and exposure, especially if prolonged, is a natural way of determining just how available those present are without revealing your intentions to straight guys who might be there.

Conversation in a gay john is taboo. Perhaps because one tends to fantasize when cruising johns, and conversation breaks the spell. Or because noise is unnerving and can actually prevent you from hearing approaching strangers. Maybe it is an image destroyer; if he is rugged and silent his sweet voice will not reveal his gentle nature and shatter his manly airs. Or perhaps it is because conversation interferes with concentration, that hard as you try working with your guy, catty remarks passed by others present are disturbing. At most, vocalizing should be limited to erotic rumblings, or loving phrases—more so if of the S/M variety. Radios should not be played, for the same reasons.

Danger is an attraction for most guys who cruise johns. Suggesting to your partner that you leave for the privacy and safety of your place or his might turn him off and cause him to move over to someone else. If he is a Super Prince make such suggestions only after you have commenced action. Whisper in his ear, and if he hesitates or declines, continue where you left off immediately. Hesitancy could convey the impression that you are not interested in enjoying him on the spot, that you are seeking a deep and meaningful relationship—which could cause him to zip up and sidle over to a rival. (Remember—those who have lovers frequent johns, because quickies afford anonymous sex which cannot interfere with domestic life. Such guys have no desire to complicate their lives with an involved relationship—so reap your pleasures while ye may. This also holds true for closet queens—like guys who stop in on the way home to the wife and kiddies.)

Eyes tell the story, as in any cruising situation. If he looks your way, first directly into your eyes and then at your body, commencing at the top and working downward, and if this is repeated, don't hesitate if you are interested; his intentions have thus been declared. Move towards him. Gently brush your hand or leg against his. If he responds or remains fixed, be definite and get right at it. If he moves away, persistence seldom helps. Simply divorce him from your thoughts and concentrate on someone else.

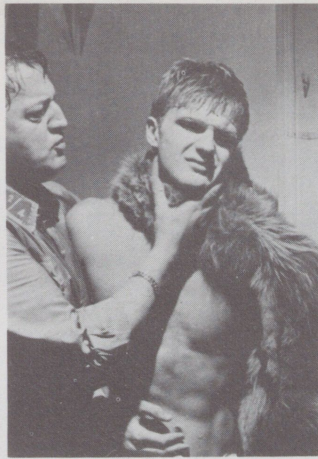
Feet are the communicators when seated in a toilet stall. With the foot closest to the

(Continued on page 36)

"The Damned"

Reviewed By Phillip Duncan





THE depravity that was Nazi Germany is summed up in a two and a half hour film depicting the rise of a neurotic heir to a rich and degenerate steel family, in Luchino Visconti's "The Damned."

The story commences on the eve of the burning of the Reichstag in Berlin (February 27, 1933), the signal for Hitler's insurgent Nazis to take over Germany. How this event affects the country's most powerful industrialist, a steel baron, and his family, is symbolic of Hitler's rise. Its central character (who first appears as a drag queen; molests a small girl; has sex with his mistress; is gossiped about for his homosexual leanings; seduces another little girl, who commits suicide as a result; takes dope; rapes his mother; and finally serves his mother and her new husband a dose of poison) parallels Hitler's illustrious career significantly. While all this is going on our hero, limp as a jellyfish at the beginning, grows a spine and, finally, gains complete and masterful control of his inheritance—a giant steel industry which will feed Hitler's appetite for weapons.

When "The Damned" opened in New York last December (it will be released across the country in April) reviewers gave it such rave notices that for weeks moviegoers had to brave the cold for hours in long lines which trailed down the block, around the corner, and back up another block. Was it Hitler's magic, in this fictionalized story based on one of Germany's most powerful families, which caused such a flurry among viewers? Perhaps it was its lesson in how to succeed at becoming a ruling pervert without really trying. Or, maybe a scene which fills the cinemascopic screen with hot flesh exactly one and a half hours into the movie.

The famous orgy which took place at a resort hotel on Lake Wiesee (Austria) on the evening of June 29, 1934 is factual. There, the members of the elite S.A. Corps who envisioned themselves as future leaders of the New Germany, reveled in drunken delight. On that night the true nature of German youth (and their not-so-youthful superiors) came out as quickly as the beer flowed, and as the evening commences we see blond gods switch from teasing pretty barmaids to dancing with one another, stripping, and going off to bed in twos and threes and more. The orgy is in full swing.

Without warning, in a preconceived takeover, the rival S.S. Troops (who eventually rose to power with Hitler) move in, and with a spray of machine-gun bullets, did in fact murder every S.A. trooper in the early morning hours of June 30, 1934—which history has recorded as the "Night of the Long Knives." In brilliant technicolor we see naked limbs pull apart in a daze which has been caused by an orgiastic evening of fun and games with the guys, as they are rivited with hot lead. The beautiful bodies plop down, here and there, in piles—and whether your bag is violence and gore or the beauty of hot flesh meeting hot flesh—what Luchino Visconti shows us is certainly a winner.

The film is meaningful in that a fictionalized tale ("... the persons depicted do in no way resemble those living and dead," as the saying goes) is woven into historical fact. If Nazi Germany doesn't fascinate you, your cookie for being good is an occasional glimpse of our hero's bare rump (actor Helmut Berger is 26, "... a bachelor, stands 5'10" and weighs 124 pounds," to quote the Warner Bros.-Seven Arts news release) and an orgy which will even cause Aunt Kate to say, "Darn! I always knew them there Na-a-zees were queer."



The Voice Of The 70's

ZEBEDY COLT—GAY SUPER STAR

BY WOODY COLBERT

THIS is not an ad. It is an endorsement. It is unsolicited. The product is good. It is gay. You will love it.


Someone told me about Zebedy Colt (pictured here) a few weeks ago. "A Super Star?" I asked. "That's how he's billed," I was told, "... a kind of gay Engelbert Humperdinck who sings woman-to-man songs, like *The Man I Love*." More low camp, I figured; I'd pass it up.

Then a friend met Zebedy at a gay party. (To say the least!) A few days later my friend receives a gift album. I listen. I'm surprised. I'm shocked. Pleasantly. The guy's good. Damn good. Maybe great.

Zebedy's first record album, "I'll Sing For You," features such standards as *The Man I Love*; *I'm In Love With A Wonderful Guy*; *Bill*; *Love For Sale*; *Bewitched*; and *Somewhere*. Other songs include *Michael*; *A New Year, A New Love*; and *The Day To Say Goodbye*. They're sung seriously. By a man for a man. With a rich male chorus and a symphony orchestra for background yet.

I believe this album would be a welcomed addition to your collection. The record jacket features a beautiful photograph of Michelangelo's *David*, and looks beautifully innocent should your snoopy housekeeper spy it. Whatever your mood, you'll enjoy listening to Zebedy, who has a fine voice. The lyrics are new when he sings them. The oldies were originally written for female singers, but some new songs, composed mainly by Edward Earle (a promising young artist who is currently working on a gay musical, "Sagittarius Rising," in which Zebedy will star; its Off Broadway opening is scheduled for April), were written for men, and are especially sensitive. As stated on the rear of the record jacket, "I was born in the frustration of yesterday, live the freedom of today, and await the promise of tomorrow. Whether my songs are sweet or bitter, gay or sad, I'll Sing For You—and you'll know it's for you."

If you buy one album I'll bet you'll order more for friends. Perfect for quiet listening. Super for party background. ("Who's t-h-a-t?" they'll ask.) "I'll Sing For You" is a bold new first. It is beautiful. If your friendly record dealer is too straight to bend with the times and sell gay, then do yourself a favor and send \$5.15 directly to Zebedy Colt, Libran Productions, Inc., Box 145, Stockton, N. J. 08559 for a copy. He is Now. He is *your* voice.



THE MAN PILL

AN ANCIENT CHINESE DRUG
OPENS NEW SEXUAL HORIZONS

By George Desantis, Publisher

EVERYONE admires guys who have the power to sustain an erection after ejaculation. Even as teenagers, when some of us could make it four times in a single hour, we needed rest periods of at least several minutes. As one gets older those rest periods become longer, and by age forty a guy is lucky if he can last four times in one evening.

How marvelous it would be if before a super date or long anticipated orgy a guy could take a pill that would guarantee lasting erectile powers. Such a pill *does* exist, and while it remains relatively undiscovered by gay guys, mod straights are popping them in their mouths like candy (according to a recent poll of druggists) to satisfy their insatiable nympho broads.

In experiments conducted by friends of QQ it was found that these pills could help a guy overcome his inability to sustain an erection, whether caused by physical exhaustion or nervousness (as in the presence of others at an orgy). Before examining the results of of these experiments and relating them to your own sex life, a discussion of sex drugs in general is in order.

The drugs which increase sexual desire or sexual power act in one of three ways: Either they increase desire by depressing those inhibitory centers in the brain which normally restrain the sexual impulses, and thus give rise to more unbridled desire; or they stimulate directly the centers in the spinal cord which control the sexual organs; or finally, they cause congestion of those organs by an action on their blood vessels and thus attract attention to them reflexly and cause erection of the erectile tissue associated with them.

For action in the first of these manners, alcohol is largely taken in this country, but in the Orient a mixture of cannabis and hyoscyamus under the name of "hasheesh" is employed. The effect is, of course, immediate and, as it passes

(Continued on page 49)

AQ RESEARCH CLINIC FEATURE



AMEBIASIS PHYSICIANS WARN: NEW EPIDEMIC AMONG GAY GUYS

HEPATITIS WORRIERS
HAVE SOMETHING NEW TO THINK ABOUT

By Roger Watson, Health Editor

FEELING low? Upset stomach causing abdominal pains? Alka-Seltzer not helping, in spite of what that George Raft commercial says? Perhaps, you fantasize, it was that number you tricked with a few weeks ago, your hundredth lover as it were. Mood can be attributed to longing for another toss in the hay, but wishful though it may be, abdominal cramps cannot be blamed on a 6 oz. bouncing fetus he may have planted.

Certainly, you might be suffering a cold; intestinal virus; a strain of Fire Island flu. Such ordinary ailments often tie knots in the digestive tract, causing general discomfort and wanton diarrhea. But possibly, quite possibly, you have *amebiasis*, an old disease which is currently running rampant among gay guys.

Rimming (or *reaming*, as Emily Post might dictate) is standard repertory in our set, and now hepatitis worriers have another disease to concern themselves with, an ailment which cannot be prevented by periodic shots of gamma globulin.

Amebiasis is an intestinal disease caused by an invasion of a particular variety of amoeba, a one-celled animal you most likely recall having seen under a microscope in high school science. It is spread by contaminated feces taken into one's mouth. Usual transmission is via food and drink handled by an infected person who failed to wash his hands after a bowel movement; impure drinking water—not uncommon in times of sanitation department strikes, which causes people to flush all sorts of things down the toilet that jam the disposal system, thereby causing accidental seepage of outgoing waste water (containing contaminated feces) into incoming drinking water; or by 'going down' on an unwashed tuber which was grown in soil fertilized with infected human feces, a common occurrence in foreign countries where fresh fruits and vegetables are eaten raw.

(Continued on page 48)

A WARNING TO USERS OF POPPERS

THIS POPULAR TURN-ON
CAN CAUSE BLINDNESS

By Bud Parker, Noted Health Authority

IT is axiomatic that for every action there is a reaction. Hence, physicians recognize that every drug has a primary and secondary effect, that its action can reverse itself and intensify a malfunction. Such reactions are rare, however; when they do occur they are usually slight and therefore go unnoticed.

Cardiac vasodilators open the arterial walls so that blood may race freely through the system. Amyl nitrite ("poppers") is generally used by sufferers of angina pectoris. Now, any person who experiences a near-fatal attack and finds speedy relief through inhalation of amyl nitrite certainly is not going to be concerned with, or even notice, minor residual malfunctions. Consequently, little or no documented evidence exists that amyl nitrite has caused arterial damage.

Poppers have been in wide use among gay guys for at least two years. In our Spring 1969 issue their effect was discussed in detail, our overall impression being they are groovy turn-ons which are harmless. But now that misuse has given rise to specific complaints concerning eyesight and hearing, it is becoming increasingly clear among the lay gay that amyl nitrite can cause serious aftereffects.

When one inhales amyl nitrite a display of translucent fireworks in the form of rolling and bursting stars can be 'seen' after a buildup of sniffs. This effect soon passes. It is caused by a chemical reaction. This same effect has been known to linger, permanently in some guys. Others have had a slight hearing loss, consensus attributing both phenomena to misuse of amyl nitrite.

Concerning eyesight, the retina receives its blood supply via the retinal artery, a very delicate vessel. Its reaction to amyl nitrite is dilation; its function is no different from any other artery. Misuse of the drug; particularly, overuse, can cause such violent flushing that the opening effect is

(Continued on page 37)



**For Gay Guys
who have
no hangups**



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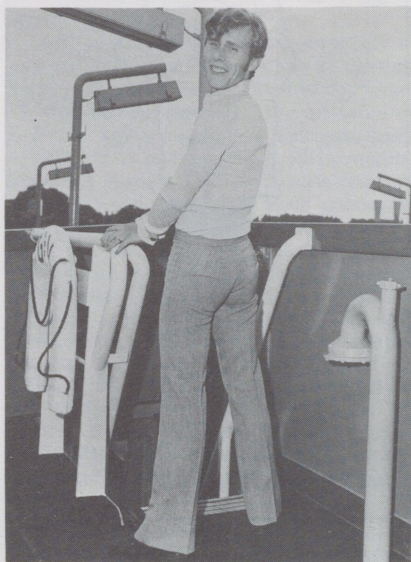
By David Parker

PERHAPS Amsterdam should be a first stop for every American going abroad. The city is neat, clean, and modern. Moreover, English is readily spoken. Yet, in spite of its Americanized facade, Amsterdam is still Old World. It is Now, yet Yesterday.

Its airport, Schiphol, is strikingly impressive and a good introduction to Europe à la American style. In all my travels I have never experienced a more mechanized air terminal, what with its telescopic deplaning ramps, conveyor floor strips (making it unnecessary to walk more than a few steps between your plane and the baggage area), and computerized ticketing.

As you travel towards downtown Amsterdam, to your hotel, the neat houses, old and picturesque yet in mint condition, will impress you. "But where are the canals?" you wonder, as you suddenly realize that this city of waterways has more pavement than channels. The canals are there, however, laid out in orderly fashion with small bridges crossing them. One of the highlights of your visit will be a cruise through the narrow channels in

a glass-topped sightseeing yacht. Indeed, if time permits, you can actually board a boat at Schiphol and enter Amsterdam via its waterways. From your boat you will see colorful townhouses, so narrow that cranes are installed at their tops, permitting movers to hoist furniture in through windows, rather than struggle impossibly up steep staircases. The windows, bright and airy, all boast fine white lace curtains. Some canals cut through industrial districts, where lovely old warehouses which are still very much in use make ideal camera subjects.



Those who revel in luxury will want to stay at the Amsterdam Hilton. I stayed there only once, on my way back from Moscow, and I must admit the luxurious surroundings were appreciated after having experienced a lack of services in Russia. In spite of its posh atmosphere (I do enjoy American ease), because it is not centrally located, I prefer the Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky, in Dam Square. Comfortable and charming, its European touches more than compensate for those typically Hilton services. Especially attractive is the hotel dining room, the Palm

Room, lit by natural sunlight and filled with leafy palms and gleaming brass railings. It's as airy as a greenhouse, and a perfect place for breakfast, which, by the way, is even heartier than American fare and which contrasts greatly with the skimpy early morning meals customarily served in most European countries. Average rates at better hotels are \$11 for a single, \$20 for a double.

If you prefer to stay at one of the smaller gay hotels you will not, of course, find luxurious settings, but some do offer lots of charm and adequate facilities. To name a few: Hotel Argos, 20 Warmoesstraat (motorcycle set); Hotel Come Back, 458 Singel (popular); Orfeo Hotel, Leidekruisstraat 14 (near many gay bars); Palace Hotel, 33 Roadhuisstraat (elegant); Sluizer Hotel, Utrechtsstraat 41-43 (small); and Unique Hotel, 37 Kerkstraat (centrally located; no one under 21 admitted). Rates range from \$6 to \$13 for a double.

To quote Bette: "What to do! What to do!" Straight fun includes a sightseeing trip by boat; a visit to Rembrandt's

(Continued on page 48)



AN ALPHABET FOR JOHN CRUISERS

(Continued from page 27)

occupied stall beside you, tap gently—first once, then twice. Wait for a similar response. If it is made, tap a few times and inch your foot over; he will do likewise until your soles (you'll forgive the expression) meet. Now it's just a matter of passing notes (you'd be well advised to use pencil, as ink pens smear on toilet tissue, or one of those new anti-gravity ballpoints, which write even when held upsidedown; ignorance on his part can make his pen run dry and kill a budding romance); or dropping to your knees; or unhinging your doors for action out front. If you fail to get a response, keep tapping, but be subtle; a sudden move might frighten him away. If nothing happens, chances are he isn't interested; would like to respond but doesn't know how; or is straight and hasn't the foggiest. So-o-o-o, now you must determine the facts. Quietly bend forward (beware of overhead lights which cast shadows) and look under. Don't let him see you. If you see movement, he's ripe for aggression. If there's an overhead light, stand up and cast your shadow so that he can see it and get the message. If his breathing quickens—get out your pen and pass a note. Chances are he will accept your note and respond. If he does not, grip the edge of the partition so that your fingers are on his side. Then point to the floor. This usually works. If not, get on your knees and wait for him to join you. (It's unwise to peer over the top of his stall, as so many do, as this will frighten him if he is a closet case.) If all else fails, your final move would be to reach under and caress his leg, applying pulling pressure to get him to his knees. This ultimate action will work—or get you a broken arm.

Greediness can get you nowhere. Unless there are several guys present who dig the scene, and who are so physically attracted to one another that an orgy is likely to ensue, concentrate on one guy at a time. Turning your head and groping in all directions could easily insult everyone; most gay guys are sufficiently egotistical to want to be the center of attraction, and rather than share the spotlight will decline sex with you.

Harassment by the authorities can be minimized by posting a lookout at the door. You, in turn, should oblige the lookout when his turn comes.

Ignore others present if you are carrying on with a guy and do not want interference. If someone joins in, a gentle but firm brush-off will discourage any further interruption. If the third man persists, be more direct by glaring and voicing a few choice words. If this fails, you are dealing with a boor and your only alternative is to leave with your friend for another john, or for home.

Join twosomes or groups only if it appears that you are wanted. If you are not you will be ignored. Unless you want your feelings crushed, don't persist; someone more responsive will soon arrive.

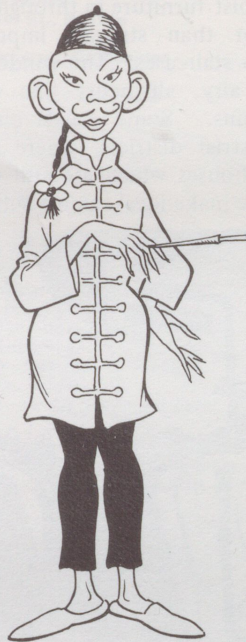
Kissing is usually frowned upon in gay

johns. Indiscriminate as they may be with their mouths on body parts, most guys have a hangup about kissing other guys who, likewise have been as free with their mouths. Moreover, most guys who cruise johns are butch and find it embarrassing to neck, in spite of the fact that they freely do everything else. To determine if necking is desired, press your lips against his neck and inch forward towards his mouth. He will respond positively or pull away. Respect his wishes—or chance losing him.

Words of Wisdom From the Far East Side

ODD SON

SAY



"Boy who mount horse
get clippity clap!"

Loitering in an obvious manner in or near a john which is not exclusively gay can call unwanted attention to whatever action is going on and cause harassment by the authorities. Be inconspicuous in such situations, for your own safety as well as that of others, and as a means of keeping your favorite john alive.

Masochists should discipline themselves so as not to demand rough treatment which might evoke a loud response. Screaming can draw unwanted attention and spoil it for others.

Numbers; that is, those present, not necessarily those made, provide a safety factor. A would-be mugger (common on the subway john circuit, and in cheap hotel johns—in any john which costs little or nothing to enter)

is deterred by crowds. So be an exhibitionist. If ever you enter a john and spot one or several rough characters, don't bother closing the door behind you; turn and leave—quickly.

Obvious guys in mixed johns spoil it for everyone. You're foolish if you walk right in, stare at guys through door stall cracks, look over doors, and stare at guys at the urinal. Before you act make certain those present are gay, or tolerant. Performing in such a manner in front of a hostile straight can cause him to rush out and return with the police.

Poppers should never be shoved into a partner's nose. A simple gesture will determine if he wants to sniff. More than one active partner has been gagged with a popper shoved up his nose unexpectedly. A couple of guys, with weak hearts, have been choked to death this way—believe it or not.

Queens; that is, femme types, have no place in johns. Most always they are seeking romance, or come to watch and carry on like children. They deserve a fast kick in the crotch.

Reasons for being present should always be at hand. If you cruise college johns and do not have student or alumni identification, secure a course catalog when entering; if anyone questions you, you have 'proof' that you are considering studies at the learned institution, and that you are just looking over the buildings. Always works. In a movie house, retain your ticket stub—for obvious reasons. In a department store, purchase something small—and retain the sales slip. You get the point.

Stick to your guns if questioned by the authorities. Be courteous but firm and aggressive. Act insulted. Take a "How dare you!" attitude. The police are well aware—and fearful—of your rights, and unless you are caught with your pants down, will not make an arrest. If you are dominant you'll be told off and that will be that. But if you cringe, and it becomes obvious that you are guilty and will crack easily under questioning, you're finished. In the face of the authorities—just stick to your guns, take a masterful attitude, deny every charge (never forget that sodomy is a serious crime in many places), and you won't have a thing to worry about.

Taking bribes is not uncommon on the part of the police, management, etc. If all else seems hopeless, and if a bribe of \$5 or \$10 will get you out of the theatre, department store, whatever trouble spot, make an offer. Most always, private detectives employed at theatres and other public places are lowly persons who depend on graft as supplemental income. If it helps, chalk the expense up to the evening's entertainment. On the other hand, if a lot of money is demanded, call his bluff and insist that you be taken to a uniformed (city) policeman or police station. Concerning sex, it's your word against his—and bribery is against the law. Some 'smart guys' make a practice of john shakedown, by posing as plainclothesmen. They even sport realistic looking

QQ

badges. If confronted by such an individual, tell him you'll cooperate but that your money is at home and you'll have to leave together. Keep calm—and walk him to the nearest police station. Chances are he'll chicken out before you enter, and wouldn't dare use violence outside a station house—but if he persists, you are now in a position to accuse him of a crime. It's always a good idea to keep the name of a good lawyer with you. To secure information in advance, or to make contact when in trouble, write or phone one of several homophile organizations. Some are: Mattachine Society of New York, 243 West End Ave., New York, N. Y. 10023; Homophile Youth Movement, c/o Oscar Wilde Memorial Book Shop, 291 Mercer St., New York, N. Y. 10003; West Side Discussion Group, P. O. Box 502, Cathedral Station, New York, N. Y. 10026; Homophile Union of Boston, Box 217, Dorchester Station, Boston, Mass. 02124; Washington Mattachine Society, P. O. Box 1032, Washington, D. C. 20016; Mattachine Midwest, P. O. Box 924, Chicago, Ill. 60690; Phoenix Society, 1333 E. Linwood Blvd., Kansas City, Mo. 64109; Dallas Council on Religion and Homosexuality, 3133 Inwood Rd., Dallas, Texas 75235; Southern California Council on Religion and the Homophile, 3330 W. Adams Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90018; Society for Individual Rights, 83 Sixth Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94103; Dorian of Seattle, P. O. Box 4277, Vancouver 9, B. C., Canada.

Unicorns are horny beasts—and if you see one in a john you've probably had too much to drink.

Vaccinations *definitely* cannot prevent crabs.

Writing on john walls is a sure giveaway when you're in a new town trying to locate an active john. Even if no one is around, graffiti can direct you to more active grounds. Away from gay civilization, your note scribbled on a john wall can sometimes get you a quick date.

Xylophones should *never* be played in gay Johns.

Yelling on orgasm is uncouth.

Zipper should always be kept in good working order—for fast action, up and down. (Have you seen those zippers on the backside of pants? Groovy!) Z also stands for zebra, the kind with stripes—and that's what you'll be wearing if you blow your cool in Johns, where a little common sense can reward you with gobs of joy!

A WARNING TO USERS OF POPPERS

(Continued from page 33)

reversed, thereby causing a secondary vasoconstriction. This can result in spasms of the artery, an overall consequence being a blockage of blood supply to the retina. The effect usually lasts seconds, but if repeated often enough, what was at first a physiological change becomes a permanent anatomical change. In other words, the constriction becomes fixed. What then happens is the Spring, 1970

artery, now incapable of delivering blood properly, oozes blood serum (clear liquid) into the retina. This causes flooding and irritation, which causes swelling and reduced vision. While sight usually remains sharp, the eye receives less light, thereby making it difficult to see in darkened areas.

Likewise, similar occurrences affect hearing. If the sufferer continues to misuse amyl nitrite he may very well assure permanence of sight and/or hearing loss. Even if he discontinues using poppers, what damage has been caused may never reverse itself, but probably won't worsen.

If you use poppers, then use them in moderation. Stale amyl nitrite can cause intense coughing and generalized irritation of the system. Inhalers leak; if on sniffing a used popper you experience a harsh sensation in the nostrils, you would be wise to discard it. If you experience trouble with your sight or hearing, discontinue use immediately and see a physician. If your doctor is unaware of your habits, his findings may be attributed to a generalized nervous condition (similar to conditions which can cause an ulcer), which can certainly cause arterial spasms. Medication cannot relax an arterial constriction of this type; only restraint from using poppers will help. If the condition does not clear up in several weeks it will most likely be permanent. Operations become necessary in severe cases, but should be avoided if possible because of the chance of accidental damage to the sensitive organs involved.

Ask yourself this question (especially if you are now experiencing a loss in sight or hearing which can be attributed to poppers): "Is this turn-on worth it?" It most definitely is not. To you—if you are a pleasure seeker who has no self-restraint—I advise moderation. A shallow whiff will cause pleasant sensations without causing your arteries to 'explode'.

If you are unfamiliar with poppers as a gay tool we urge you to send for a copy of our Spring 1969 issue, which contains a thorough examination of poppers in sex. Send \$2 to: Queen's Quarterly Publishing Co., Inc., Suite 400, 255 West 34th St., New York, N. Y. 10001. Your magazine will be sent in a plain manila envelope, sealed of course. By sending \$5 you may include this issue as part of a new subscription—for a total of 4 magazines at a considerable savings.

YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME

(Continued from page 23)

with 1 set of 10 repetitions of each exercise. This will fatigue your muscles to a noticeable degree—a sure sign of their effectiveness. The next day add 2 more reps to each exercise, and continue in this gradual 2-per-day increase until you are doing 20 repetitions of each exercise. Then start an additional set of each, working it also to 20 reps, and this will be quite sufficient. Don't do more but do them every day.

Always apply some good water-soluble cream on your face and neck before doing the exercises. Rub it in well. This keeps the skin pliant and is most important. Among good water-soluble creams are *Bactine Medicated Skin Cream* and *Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream*. Either washes off quickly and

cleanses your skin beautifully at the same time. Don't use 'cold' creams.

After completing the exercises rinse the cream off with barely lukewarm water. Never use hot water on the skin at any time as this is a major cause of flaccidity of facial muscles. Finish off with cool-to-cold water, then rub a cube of ice over the face for several seconds to close and refine the pores. Pat dry with a turkish towel.

A very good occasional practice is to stop after the cool-to-cold-water astringent and apply a good facial mask. An excellent one is *Kanph Face Tone-Up Mask* (about \$5 plus tax and postage from leading department stores). But there are many other good ones and any cosmetics salesperson will recommend one. This tends to pull the facial muscles even tauter, and when rinsed off in cold water your face feels ten years younger! Pat, not rub, dry. Omit the ice follow-up.

Exercise 1: This is a four-part sequential movement... (a) shut your eyes as tightly as you can and try to pull your eyebrows together... do one or two reps, then... (b) open your eyes wide and try to 'fan' your eyebrows outward as far as you can, then... (c) holding the eyebrows as high as possible try to 'squint' your eyelids closed: making a very determined effort to close them to mere slits against the muscular resistance of your upward-raised eyebrows, then... (d) shut each eye alternately in an enormous wink.

Begin with 2 repetitions each and work this entire combination until you have done a maximum of 20 complete sequences. If your muscles grow tired... stop immediately.

Exercise 2: Alternately depress and raise each eyebrow very exaggeratedly. 10 to 20 reps.

Exercise 3: Tighten your lips into an extreme pucker and rotate them from side to side. 10 to 20 reps.

Exercise 4: With lips still puckered, make a strong suction and pull the cheeks in as strongly as possible. 10 to 20 reps.

Exercise 5: Clench your teeth, smile very widely and tense strongly. 10 to 20 reps.

Exercise 6: Yawn as widely as you can, then force your contracted cheeks and lips to pull downward strongly against all possible muscular resistance.

Exercise 7: Move your jaw from side to side as far as you can. 10 to 20 reps.

Exercise 8: Close your mouth, seal your lips and force air into the front of your mouth; release. 10 to 20 reps.

Exercise 9: Close your lips tightly and force air into each cheek alternately. 10 to 20 reps.

Exercise 10: Place your elbow on a table. Open your palm and turn it upward. Place your chin on your palm. Now, with wide-open mouth try to close it against the resistance of your hand. (No need to do this if you have a well-contoured chin). 10 to 20 reps. (Not illustrated.)

On paper these exercises look like the easiest thing in the world to do. But they're not. They're mighty and they really work. After about two weeks of them you'll know what we mean... and your mirror will bring you even gladder tidings of great joy!

EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 5)

continue. In each issue you'll find even brighter visual treatment. Increased pages. Color. Our low \$2 cover price and \$1.25 per issue rate for subscribers will remain fixed; price will not rise, and will, in time, be lowered—as circulation doubles and triples and quadruples, permitting us to take advantage of reduced printing costs and pass the savings on to you. (Just think of all the 'all-promise-and-no-delivery' publications you've spent as much as \$5 per copy on—sometimes for a single frontal which is good for about 5 minutes of excitement with no lasting benefit!)

We will never go bi-sexual. That we promise. We may feature an article on this Now phenomenon from time to time, but our appeal has been and always will be to guys like ourselves—middle-of-the-road masculine gay guys. But we are adding something to QQ—and that is one article in each issue devoted exclusively to gay girls. We have found that Dianne Leslie has established a loyal readership among gay girls who not only enjoy her regular feature (thus far written for gay guys about gay girls), but also the various articles in QQ which help them better understand their male counterparts. Commencing with the Summer issue there will be a regular feature written exclusively for gay girls. So tell your girlfriends about it. Read it yourself—for a better understanding of people like ourselves who are indeed a vital part of the homophile community.

We always enjoy hearing from our readers. Your comments help us determine policy—for our greatest desire is to give you what you want. We are not and cannot be a smut magazine. We leave it to others to supply such material—which we do not condemn. But our appeal is to a higher intellect, a market which prefers our kind of meaningful material as a steady diet. It is our hope that through QQ you will gain a better understanding of yourself, and of our place in a beautiful world. Make us a permanent part of your library. "QQ—For Gay Guys Who Have No Hangups"—about being gay!

PYGMALIONISM

(Continued from page 7)

By closing time it could be truthfully said that "there wasn't a dry step on the Semen Special," as one wag put it. But an eerie sidelight of this exhibition was David's beautiful feet bearing traces of lipstick kisses. How they got there no one could explain—a phenomenon when one considers that every eye was focused on him throughout the day. An act of adoration from pygmalionistic ghosts, maybe?

NEW YORK'S CRUISEY STATUES

That pygmalionists, far from being a minority homophile group, are increasing in number was particularly evident when the Metropolitan Museum of Art recently acquired Antonio Canova's *Perseus Holding the Head of Medusa*. Perseus poses a real threat to David's longtime popularity because of his breathtaking beauty: classically

handsome head, sharply-defined features, an absolutely fantastic physique that would cause any modern *Mr. America* to gnash his teeth in envy, and the gropest of noble genitalia (he has 'Roman Roll' for the poor!).

Everyone found Perseus's derriere delectable, too (someone called him 'Arsula Undress'), and after he had preened his jewels for a short time it was deemed necessary to throw up barricades to prevent either his being eaten alive from the East or licked to death from the West (or simultaneously, as in 'orgy')... as well as to provide police restraints for the long lines of ravenously oinking 'pyggies' who stretched in triple file from the Museum's doors backward to 72nd Street, and even into Central Park!

If you plan a trip to New York please make it a point of pilgrimage to come up and see Perseus some time. If you've wondered whether there may be a bit of the pygmalionist in you, this mind-bending work will remove all doubt.



PERSEUS

THE 97-POUND WEAKLING

Dear to our secret brothers is a statue in a neglected Brooklyn park, the model for which is said to have been the famous Charles Atlas (the '97-pound weakling who became the world's most perfectly-developed man'). Created as a memorial to the soldier dead of World War I, this statue is by day an object of veneration by passersby, and by moonlit night a site of pagan revelry. It is not uncommon on any midsummer eve to find someone making passionate love to it via masturbation on the greensward.

VICKY AND THE 'PURSE OF BASKETS'

While we have discussed the male pygmalionist at some length, it is interesting to note that there is also a rise on the distaff side, particularly in London (why, we haven't the foggiest). One of the most colorful is dear old Victoria Vagina, as she is known to the trade.

Vicky has never been able to find a human male who could fill the vastness of her vagina (it is said that Big Ben could be easily accommodated and never miss chiming mid-

night). And so she shops around for giant penises carved in stone. She did, in fact, once find a biggie made of marzipan in a gay *konditorei* while on a visit to Munich, but being unable to resist the taste of almond paste she consumed it in two bites on the spot.

It is common knowledge that Vicky has diddled with the Duke of Wellington, and even had a crotch-hold on Lord Nelson's basket when the bobbies came to haul her down the monument. Vicky was going great guns (if you'll forgive the expression) until just recently when she depeckered some famous statues in the Royal Victoria and Albert Museum.

Placing them in her old black reticule she was skipping blithely out the giant doors when an assistant curator noticed what appeared to his gay eye as a 'purse of baskets', the contours of which were plainly visible. Hardly able to believe what he saw and suspected, he summoned a guard who intercepted Vicky with not only eight of the biggest from the Museum, but six more from the stately homes of England!

Madame Tussaud must surely be whirling her prayer-wheel, thanking her lucky stars that Vicky's taste runs to stone rather than wax, or her Museum might have been deballed years ago. And it is sad to reflect that poor Vicky would have been totally happy for life had anyone ever told her about the monuments to giant genitalia which still exist on the Island of Delos where, ages ago, phallic worship was an all-consuming devotion. Vicky is now confined to the pokey, having—as she says—"to make do with the mini-basket of a prison guard when I should be out diddling an Alp!"

THE WISTFUL 'WHY' AND 'WHENCE' OF PYGMALIONISM

What causes pygmalionism—where does it all begin? Remember that old song "I'm gonna buy a paper doll that I can call my own"? Maybe there. Maybe at the doll to which you poured out your grief at the first rejection of a childhood love. Not while doing time in your mother's womb. Homosexuality of whatever fragmentation is too often attributed to jazzy, mixed-up genes instead of being ascribed to a love so rare, so fragile, so bewildering, that to attempt to categorize it by any sociological canon is to defile it.

Then, too, you may seek an ultimate perfection that cannot be found in humans.

Or you may perceive such a perfection but your introversion and deep humility may blunt any cruising aggressiveness, which is partial explanation of the existence of physique pictorials with two-page color gatefolds and double-page center pullouts, as well as the astronomical sales of nude photographs and life-size posters.

Or perhaps your first rejection is still too memorably shattering... to face another would, you think, destroy you. Of course for the pygmalionist the fact of rejection does not exist.

Or it may be a logical and sequential transference of that love you bore your childhood doll, to the more mature store-window manikins (and what beauties there are these days!), and thence to that final apotheosis in a David or Perseus.

Touching or fondling a statue is a shy

guy's way of making out . . . it's his kind of cruising . . . it's his thing. The only element that would make it the sheerest ecstasy is the implosion of the senses, but Aphrodite wrought that miracle just once. Evil jade!

You know what? Aphrodite was a big bull dyke.

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THE PUMPKIN COACH (Continued from page 9)

him—but they were awfully kind to Laddy, he had to admit. The identification bracelet they'd given him for his birthday (once they'd made such a thing of it, the after-hours party and the bracelet and all, it had been impossible to tell them he'd only been kidding about it being his birthday), the wild shirts Oliver had brought him last week and the gay pants Cy had had made for him that fit like a glove and showed off everything he had (amazing even to himself when he looked in a mirror), the clothes they had casually tossed to him earlier in the summer—things they had hardly worn once, and all the bathing suits they'd let him pick out at the Three Bares just because they liked Bobby and could make jokes when Laddy modeled them in the shop and got a kick out of turning up on the beach with Laddy in a new teasy suit every weekend.

The little they had expected in return, about once a week, usually so late they were all stoned and didn't even remember what did happen—well, it didn't matter much and it did keep Laddy out of other mischief which, God knows, was plentiful in this place. If Laddy took up all the offers he had in any one day, he'd be too weak to lift his order pad, much less a tray with six main courses stacked on it. In these five weeks on the Island he must have frozen off a couple of hundred outspoken invitations and several thousand eager looks. Marv would be glad to know that and maybe some day Laddy would tell him about those few other times, too. Marv might even laugh the way he'd laughed when Laddy confessed after two months his name wasn't Laddy Sanders but Vladimir Sanchiewski. But Marv had known that all along; he kept secrets, too. At least Marv had been honest from the first minute about being married but it had been necessary Laddy know that so they would be extra careful. They had each only one affair with a fellow before they got together and those winter months had been a gleeful time—like hide-and-seek and hitting the jackpot all at once. Marv would laugh when Laddy explained about his 'lucky Pierre' position in that huge, luxurious bed and understand how unexciting it always was, even though Laddy politely pretended it was wonderful. With Marv he certainly never had to pretend for one instant. Laddy wondered if Marv was lonely now, with both Loreen and Laddy gone from him. Laddy hoped Marv was true to him and was sure he was. He was very lonely himself—Oliver and Cy didn't really count; they had each other. Julie was fun to work with and kid around with but he evidently had no feeling about Spring, 1970

anything except making money and having a ball. The other waiters were the same—flippant, drifting gypsies—except Bert and Ramon who were seriously in love and concerned only with each other.

The place was lousy with middle-aged couples who were hot to have Laddy for a night's fun and young guys who'd love to add him to their lists of conquests. There were even some unattached men who'd probably be delighted to keep him and cherish him—some young ones too, like Stuart at the Sandpiper, who obviously wanted to settle down with him. But they were the dreary rejects and didn't appeal to Laddy; their loneliness only reminded him, at awkward times, of his own.

The lunch trade was all out; once the dinner set-ups were on, he and Julie could take off for the beach. Little ugly Julie got a large charge out of romping around with Laddy and Laddy had to admit that with his hair bleached out by the sun and his whole body tanned this way, with his secret weapon tucked anything but secretly into a teasy bathing suit, he was something special even on this beach where beauties came and went as if it was some sort of parade ground—dancers, models, the expensive hustlers, the ones who were both beautiful and rich, the new kids like himself and the ones who had been showing off for years.

The only one Laddy really envied though—and yearned for a little—was Eric Norden who seldom showed his Greek god head and shoulders and all those muscles and that astonishing et cetera on the beach. Eric just lounged around near his boat or here on the Anchor deck. Everybody knew he was Lowry Abelson's lover and business partner, independently wealthy in his own right and raking in the shekels with their "Come on Up!" in its third smash year. What everybody probably didn't know was often you could run into Eric on a certain dark stretch of the boardwalk, halfway down to Oliver's and Cy's at closing time. So far Laddy had managed to escape without giving in and losing anything important or making an enemy of Eric, but those big hands were awfully insistent and if he ever got those arms around a guy . . .

Eric's boat wasn't in the marina but he often didn't turn up until late in the afternoon. Laddy had had his cigarette and turned to help Julie finish the set-ups. Julie didn't seem to mind doing more than his share of the chores but Laddy liked being fair. He had sent Marv a Polaroid shot of himself and Julie in their uniform dark pants, white shirts and scarves, grinning and waving. Marv wouldn't be jealous of Julie. Oliver had taken the picture with Laddy's old Polaroid and had promised him a better camera soon. Laddy wondered if 'soon' was to be this Thursday. He'd get Julie to take lots of color shots of him looking his best on the beach and have a good one enlarged to give Marv next fall and another one for Oliver and Cy to remember him by. They said they always spent two weeks in Puerto Rico at Christmas time, but it might be fun to see them once or twice before they went. It would be years before he and Marv could take an expensive vacation like that, even with Laddy dropping college and going into the Smithson's electrical supply business. Oliver and Cy might even ask both of them

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to go down to Puerto Rico with them. No, Marv would hate that; it would be better never to even mention it. Or think of it again. Marv might think Laddy didn't still love him as much as ever and he did, he did.

Marv Smithson could see the town of Fire Island Pines coming into view along the far shore of the Great South Bay. After his brief dismay at finding that Laddy had changed jobs more than six weeks ago and was working at the Anchor Inn over at Fire Island and the hurrying through Sayville in his car and down to the docks, the parking and the fretful wait on the wrong dock, the trip over had turned out to be very pleasant. The stiff breeze that blew his hair madly as he sat on the top deck of the ferry also seemed to have blown away his troubles and fears; everything was going to be all right. In a few minutes more he would walk in, surprise Laddy, take his beautiful, adorable lover in his arms and, if no one was looking, kiss him madly. The wind had unbuttoned his shirt for him and poured in around him like a strong caress. Soon it would be Laddy's jubilant caress.

But if Laddy had been over there for six weeks He was beautiful to Marv; other fellows would see how beautiful he was, too. Marv had heard stories about Fire Island and what happened to beautiful youngsters like Laddy. Laddy had lied about where he was working; there was probably a lot more he had lied about or neglected to mention. The snap Laddy had sent two or three weeks earlier had been of him and his friend against a shingled wall—it could have been taken anywhere; Laddy was sly about that, the little devil. The ride over exhilarated Marv but the prospect of his reunion with Laddy alternately excited him and left him sick with fear. Still, whatever the situation was, it was better to know it at once. Ordinarily Marv was practical and cautious; this whole surprise appearance had been a sudden decision, an uncontrollable impulse and need, he hadn't written or called—he'd just come as fast as he could. Now he was almost there; nothing mattered but seeing Laddy, seeing his face, knowing whether he still loved Marv as Marv loved him.

Marv could make out clearly the narrow harbor, near the entrance a white building with awnings a story higher than the other buildings on that side; down the harbor, other buildings; at the end, beyond some trees, a bigger gray building with an irregular roof; fewer buildings—just some houses—along the other side. And outside the harbor, only a few dozen yards away now, a little seaplane rocked idly, golden in the late afternoon sun. The ferry slowed down to enter the harbor. Big private craft were anchored right up against the walk along in front of the stores and restaurants. The dock was down at the far end. The middle one of the three restaurants was the Anchor Inn—a huge green anchor was propped up by the steps to its outside deck which was almost deserted. If only Laddy would appear at that railing for an instant now and Marv could wave to him and Laddy would look overjoyed and come running to meet him as he jumped off the boat and everything could be all right . . . !

Marv was the first person off and in a minute had run back to the Anchor and was on the deck. A large, very handsome blond

man was sprawled in a chair with a drink on the table beside him. He was wearing nothing at all except a pair of old white shorts which bulged enormously at the crotch. Welcome to Fire Island.

The doors to the restaurant were wide open and in the shadowy interior nothing moved. Maybe this huge, godlike beauty was the owner. Laddy's boss! Laddy's lover? Marv halted abruptly. The drowsy beauty raised his head, looked Marv over and smiled; one huge, shapely hand lifted and dropped over the bulge and caressed it.

"If I just stand here and keep on looking, he'll take it out!" Marv thought in alarm and bewilderment. And a telltale surge of excitement. He had to break this up. "I'm looking for Laddy." Which name did Laddy use here? Undoubtedly Sanders. "Laddy Sanders. He works here. He's a waiter."

"Laddy. Sure, everyone knows Laddy. I don't think he's here now though. Sit down." He swung a naked foot to indicate a chair, swung his leg, rocked his torso and yawned.

Marv sat on the edge of the chair, poised for flight. "Are you the owner?"

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"Silent partner. There's probably a waiter around somewhere but let me get you a drink. You just got off the ferry. I saw you up on the top deck as you went by and I said to myself, 'God, that tall young guy's attractive. I wish he'd come right up here and have a drink with me. And here you are. Magic. What's your brand?'" he stood up, giving Marv an even better view of his magnificence.

"I have to find Laddy right away, thanks. If he isn't here . . ."

"Then there are endless possibilities. There must be two hundred houses here in which he might be visiting. Or he might be at the house where he and the other waiters live—or at least where they park their clothes. Though that isn't very likely. Or down at the beach with his chums and the beach is thirty miles long. Sit back; he'll have to be back here in an hour or so in any case. What's your name?"

"Marv. Marv Smithson." Marv jumped up to shake hands.

The big man moved very close. "Hi, Marv. I'm Eric Norden and lonesome as hell this afternoon. Look, not a soul around. Just us. What will it be, Marv? Or how about a drink on my boat? It's right over there around the bend. Not one of the flashy jobs but big enough for the two of us

if we cuddle up a little." His voice was very deep and matter of fact and he spoke lazily. He hadn't touched Marv yet, not even his extended hand, but any second he might just pick Marv up and carry him off. Marv sat down.

"No, thanks. I want to find Laddy right away. Thanks anyway." Marv looked around rather desperately. There was indeed no one in sight anywhere. The three or four other passengers had disappeared from the dock. The place was utterly deserted except for himself and this one fantastically beautiful man who was obviously inviting him to participate in casual sex.

"You straight or something? Don't let that fret you. You don't have to do anything unless you want to. You're the most appealing kid I've seen in a month—just the type that drives this old heart of mine right out of its socket and starts all my juices boiling. Your friend Laddy's a hot little beauty but you're the one that really turns me on. How about it? You're of age and got nothing better to do for an hour."

"Look, please. I want to find Laddy right away. I may want to take that boat back to the mainland . . ."

"It leaves in five minutes and the next one isn't until six. You don't have much choice of company. Relax and enjoy mine. Lots of people like my company a lot."

"Yeah, I'm not . . . blind. You're very attractive and all that. In fact, too damned beautiful to be true. I don't really believe you're there or any of this. I came to find Laddy. That's all I came for."

"It's real flesh, Marv. Reach out and touch it. So I'm too damned beautiful and you still want Laddy. Are you by any chance in love with our Laddy? The husband he left behind him somewhere when he disappeared into this wicked Sodom-by-the-Sea?"

"Yes. Something like that."

"Ho. No wonder it took me all summer to get to him. I must say in his behalf he's given practically all the eager queens here the cold stare all summer. You won't hold it against him that he finally gave in to me last week I hope. I practically had to rape him and it's been a long time since I bothered to rape anybody. I'll bet you're a lot hotter in bed than he is. Well, if you won't play with me today, I'll just have to play with you I guess."

Marv jumped up.

"Come on, we'll check his headquarters and the beach and the house he visits a lot. Don't expect me to go in and be jolly with those two dreary bourgeois queens but I'll point you in their direction if it comes to that." Eric led the way down to the boardwalk along the water and around to his boat.

It was smaller than the yachts but big enough for the activities he had suggested; he clambered in and held out his hand to Marv who shook his head briskly and wondered if he could stop after five minutes in this man's arms. Eric turned away and came back with a pair of field glasses. He joined Marv on the dock and led him inland, across the sandy road to another walk alongside the rambling apartment houses. He turned up a private walk to a smallish, simple beach house and called for Laddy. A muffled voice from within replied in a surly, sleepy tone that Laddy was not there.

Eric turned and joined Marv again, casually draping his naked, heavy arm over Marv's thin shoulders which he had always until now considered quite broad. "Sure it's worth all this bother? I still want you to come back to the boat with me, Marv."

Marv swallowed hard and shook his head. This man's extraordinary bigness and male beauty, his simple-hearted desire—whatever it was—nearly overpowered Marv. He had been good for so long—much longer than Laddy evidently. But Laddy might be right there on the beach.

"If we can't find your pretty little friend, will you come back with me? I'll take you over—halfway. Then later, all the way. Whatever we do out there will be up to you. Or I've a house on the other side. We could go over there, spend the night."

Marv hurried ahead, up the inclined walk, his feet slipping.

The boardwalk ended in steep stairs down to the sand. Eric caught up with Marv and through the glasses looked carefully up and down the beach. Marv wondered at the beauty of the ocean, the wide, pale beach glaring in the hot sun, the scattered colorful groups of human beings casting long shadows—many men, some women, a few children, all brown and relaxed and carefree. A pair of young men, nearly naked but toasted to a deep walnut shade, came up the steps. They looked Marv over casually but completely and said 'hi' to Eric. Marv realized how out of place he looked in his long-sleeved shirt and chinos and polished city shoes.

"Down there," Eric directed Marv, handing him the glasses. "They're just leaving the beach."

Marv took the glasses eagerly and scanned the groups. He finally glimpsed Laddy and lost him again in the shifting bodies. He was with three older men. They turned and straggled out in single file, heading toward another staircase and walk down the beach. Marv was able to focus on Laddy; he was golden brown and golden blond, utterly beautiful. He'd gained a little weight. The chic little bathing suit certainly emphasized his best features.

"The little red-headed man is Etienne Lavidan. He imports men's clothes from France and Italy. That seaplane you saw out beyond the harbor entrance is waiting for him. He flew out earlier this week, too. Wonder what he's found here to warrant all that ostentatious expenditure and a bad case of sunburn."

Through the glasses Marv could see the Frenchman eyeing Laddy's figure before him with unabashed delight. He stumbled; Laddy turned and held out a hand to catch him; they laughed; the Frenchman tried to keep Laddy's hand.

Marv thrust the glasses at Eric. "Thanks, Eric. I mean it. I'll go speak to Laddy. Thanks."

"The big wooden monstrosity with the vertical siding," Eric called after him. "I'll be waiting if you need me, Baby."

Marv hurried back along the way they'd come and took the first cross-walk down toward the house Laddy and the men had seemed to be heading for. In stretches the walk dipped steeply and Marv slipped in his hard-soled loafers. Walks branched off on both sides, leading up to very modern, some-

times crazy-looking, houses on stilts. Sometimes the walk itself was ten feet above the sand and gnarled brush and Marv had to be careful in his gawking and hurrying that he didn't plunge over the edge.

It was further than he'd expected but he was sure he'd finally spotted the 'monstrosity with the vertical siding' Eric had designated. It was one of the largest houses and was set right up the crest of the dune, overlooking the beach and the ocean on one side, the sprawling summer resort on the other. From it they could probably see the whole Bay and right across to Sayville and Long Island. Marv turned off onto its private walk. The house reared up in front of him like a formidable castle. As he approached it, he called "Laddy!" as loudly as he could and gasped; he was almost dizzy and out of breath.

A tall man appeared at a side door and came out onto the narrow deck. He was brown and naked except for a blue towel wrapped around his loins. It was one of the trio who'd been with Laddy—the bald one with the lined face and the sinewy body covered with curly gray hair. "Hello," he said, not smiling at all. "What do you want?"

"Laddy, Laddy Sanders. Isn't he here?" Marv was panting a little and felt very hot and uncomfortable and awkward and unwelcome.

Two thin grayish dogs appeared beside the man and barked at Marv. He stopped. The man growled at the dogs and shoved them back inside. "Laddy? Why, I think he's still down on the beach. Go back to that walk over there. It leads to the beach." The man turned away abruptly.

"Oh. But . . ." Marv halted. He didn't like calling the man a liar, especially as he had to go into his house—or ask him to get Laddy to come out. But there wasn't any use pretending he didn't know where Laddy was and believed Laddy might be elsewhere; it was silly to spend time trudging onto the beach and back. The tall man was disappearing, pushing the curious dogs inside

again. "Hey, sir. I was looking for Laddy from up there by the apartments," he said loudly, "and a man lent me his field glasses and we saw Laddy leaving the beach with three older men—you and two other men, I'm sure. One had red hair."

The man turned savagely. "What is this? Field glasses? You were spying on me? What are you talking about? We don't know you."

"I'm . . . Laddy's friend from Passaic. I have to see him. A man named Eric helped me and lent me his glasses and pointed out this house. I'm sure I saw Laddy with you just a few minutes ago."

"Oh. Eric. Eric Norden?"

"Yes."

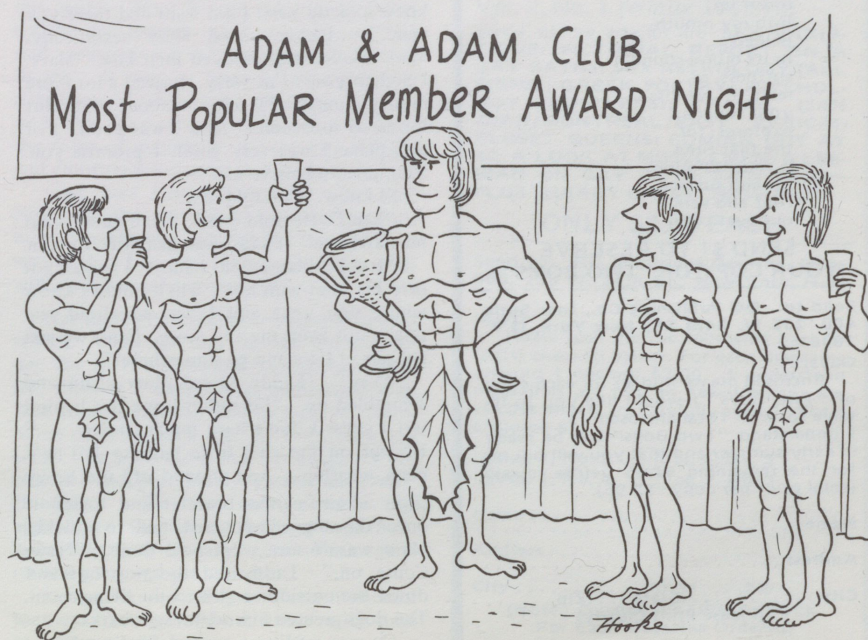
"He would." The man called in, loudly, "Has Laddy Sanders come up here?" Another man, inside, called back, "Yes, he's in the shower."

"Oh. I guess he's here at our place after all. I left him out on the beach." The man turned and disappeared. Marv went up the steps and across the shallow deck to the door.

"I've tied up the dogs. Come on in before you get sunstroke," the tall man muttered. Marv went in. The room was huge; high, cool, light, luxuriously furnished—chandelier, a small ivory upright piano, acres of tile floor with a few woolly rugs, huge pale sofas. Across the room a great window overlooked the ocean. There were people on one of the sofas—the shorter men, one at each end. The redhead was holding his bathing suit on his lap. The other man, also more or less naked, smiled formally.

"Sit down. I'm Cy. That growling bear is Oliver and this is Etienne. We've just come in ourselves and were getting comfortable. I guess Laddy went directly into the shower. Ah, yes, I can hear the shower running. Goodness, you look hot. Would you like a drink? We were just going to have something." He rose. At least he had his suit on and was rather trim.

Marv was stranded in the middle of the room. He hated all three of these men, he



GAY POETRY NOW BEING READIED

John Bridge, whose sensitive story you read in the Winter 1970 edition of QQ ("Confessions of a Straight Guy Turned Gay . . . At 40"), and his lover, Michael Tremor, are nearing completion on a book of gay poetry entitled, "Two Boys." A collection of more than 30 poems, following a story line involving the meeting, and culmination of a sensual love affair, will be printed on fine stock and enclosed in a soft 'alligator texture' cover. It will be profusely illustrated with line drawings which will not be censored. Hence, it cannot be sold at newsstands, and will be distributed in limited quantities by direct mail through QQ (sent via 1st class), and also a few select gay bookshops in larger cities. We therefore urge you to reserve your copy now by sending \$1. "Two Boys" will be completed in early summer and will sell for \$2.95. Prior to release you will be billed for the remaining \$1.95. Here are just 2 poems from the forthcoming "Two Boys"—

first meeting

I saw you first
in my English class:
blond, tall, a cleft
chin, broad shoulders,
you wore a plaid green
shirt, an odd ring
carved of wood. When
you smiled at me
I knew there was
love, that I would
see you—and I did—
by the elevator
fifteen minutes later.

the first kiss

at first
a feeling like
silk, then
a slight motion
of lip on lip
and breathing.
I take your
lower lip
into my mouth,
delight
in its blood-round
softness, re-
lease it. we kiss.
your tongue
explores; for
the first time
it touches mine:
tip and surface,
root and vein,
our eyes open

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did not want to drink with them, and he suspected the 'something' they were just going to have when he yelled was Laddy who'd fled. He had to see Laddy, if necessary drag him out of that shower and get him out of this place.

"Uh..no thanks. I just..uh . . ." The shower pour stopped. Laddy would be coming out, wet, adorable, contrite. Or unsuspecting? Marv dashed across the slippery tiled floor to the doorway which he judged would lead to the bedroom and bathroom. There was a hallway first—a long, dark corridor. He halted and peered into a dark, empty bedroom. He went on to the next door, his heavy soles clattering on the tiles. Laddy was standing there waiting—naked, wet, even more beautiful than he had appeared through the glasses. Marv could hardly believe this was his own Laddy. Or the boy who had been Marv's own Laddy last spring. Marv halted. He'd come, he'd finally found Laddy, he'd got this far. All that was unimportant; only what would happen next was important.

Laddy too was serious, anxious, caught and held, unsure what would happen now. He didn't feel really guilty or defiant. He was just glad Marv had come and he could tell him the truth. He smiled. Marv was so shy; he needed encouraging.

Marv shuffled forward, blindly yearning, almost crying.

Laddy flung down the towel and ran to meet Marv, slipped on a rug and tumbled them both in a heap. In no time they'd sorted out their legs and were holding each other as tightly as they could.

"Oh, Marv, nothing like this ever happened before. I wanted to get out of it and just then I heard you yell and I was ashamed and ran. Marv, it was like Fate. I was thinking of you and you yelled. I swear I was thinking of you," Laddy whispered.

"You wanted me?"

"More than anything. Etienne was determined I was going with him into the city and to Paris and I was all worked up and hot and couldn't say anything and Oliver and Cy were kissing me goodbye and suddenly I knew exactly what I did want and there you were." Laddy kissed Marv ecstatically. Marv relaxed and enjoyed their kiss. "Marv, I lied to you. I'm sorry. I saved a lot more money though. I'll tell you about that. But I was so lonesome. And I was good. For this place I was very good, I promise you. You have to believe me."

"I know. Eric told me."

"Eric? He told you? I can guess what he told you." Laddy was instantly forlorn.

"I don't blame you, Laddy. I almost got into his boat with him. When I didn't know where you were and I was so afraid you might not want me any more. Can't we just get out of here and go somewhere?"

"Yes." Laddy kissed Marv again and scrambled up. "I'd rather leave this behind but I guess I don't have much choice . . ." He put on the chic little bathing suit he'd been wearing. And slipped off the heavy silver identification bracelet and tossed it onto the big silk-covered bed so quickly Marv wasn't sure what he'd done. "Now. Come on." Laddy led the way out and down the corridor and into the living room. The dogs greeted him with eager barks.

Cy was settling a tray of drinks in heavy

cut glasses on a low table. "I take it this is a kind of . . . reunion," he said politely.

"Yes," Laddy said. "Marv has come for me." He turned to the puzzled Frenchman. "Very nice to have met you." The Frenchman rose automatically but remembered his undressed state and only took Laddy's hand an instant and sat again. Laddy passed quickly to Oliver, shook his hand and said, "Thank you, sir." Oliver looked as if he might burst into a vulgar roar.

Laddy turned to Cy who had to shift a glass from one hand to the other to take Laddy's abruptly presented hand. "Thank you. Goodbye," Laddy said politely.

"So . . . goodbye," Cy said after an instant's pause.

Laddy marched to the door, followed by Marv who turned and bowed gravely like an awkward adolescent at dancing school, his right arm across his middle. In another instant they were out and down the steps, the dogs barking uproariously, the two fleeing, jubilant lovers hurtling along the boardwalk, Marv skating in his slippery-soled loose loafers, Laddy trying to hold him up as they dashed along laughing like demons or escaping angels.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY! (Continued from page 14)

to me then.

When I finally did learn the address of the venerable old Punchbowl (still, at last report, in operation), I was stunned when I walked in. I had thought I was the only homosexual in the world, but here was a huge bar full of them. Voila! At last I had found "my kind of people."

Then began what dear old John Foster Dulles would have called an "agonizing reappraisal." It was the intellectual, religious, social, emotional and even physical adjustment known as coming out. Some of my contemporaries, I've since learned, never did have any great problem accepting or even welcoming their being gay. But I suspect the majority of middle-class young men of that and earlier eras suffered some anxiety about casting their lot with their brethren. Now, as and older, wiser and far happier homosexual, I don't mean to sound self-pitying. But I submit that coming out even as recently as 10 years ago was one hell of a lot more difficult than it is today.

For me, a crucial need was for intelligent information about homosexuality. There were endless conversations with gay guys, some more mature than I, some more uptight. But because of my conservative upbringing, this seemed like asking a skid row bum for a temperance lecture.

So I looked it up in the encyclopedia. The Old Testanemt said it was a no-no; some English king had been murdered by having a red-hot poker shoved up his fanny for his pederasty; and in the Middle Ages they literally used to throw faggots on the fire.

Verry interesting, but somewhat less than encouraging.

So I went to the college library social sciences department and found that some American Indians had permitted deviants to wear squaws' dresses and hoe the corn. An African tribe encouraged homosexuality among pre-adolescents until the coming-of-

age ceremony when they whacked off the foreskin and banned further experimentation. In an Oceanic culture, homosexuals once a year dressed as clowns because it insured the fishermen a good catch.

Aside from ancient Greece and during the Italian renaissance, homosexuals seemed to have had a rough time of it. Certainly the criminology textbooks weren't very encouraging with their references to "hanging by the neck until dead without the benefit of a Christian burial" for the "crime so awful that none dare speak its name."

Yet when I looked up the Kinsey Report and found that quite a few of my contemporaries were up to a little hanky-panky, I knew there just had to be more to homosexuality than squaws' dresses, Leonardo da Vinci and adolescent experimentation.

Fortunately, I finally came across a copy of a now-defunct gay tabloid and realized others were pushing for a rational attitude. Gradually, during the '60s, as the Supreme Court began to insist that freedom of the press meant just that, the paperbacks and magazines no longer had to include coy euphemisms or indignant denials in referring to homosexuality. "Drum" magazine became a favorite of mine, the Looney Tune series ("Song of the Loon," et al) was sensational and now "QQ" can rightly advertise itself as *the* magazine for gay guys who have no hangups.

Ten years ago, the whole life style of some of the older guys I met appeared to be restrictive and lonely. In retrospect I see a blurred picture of little walk-up apartments, all very chi-chi; omnipresent poodles; Judy Garland records; trips to Europe where you could be yourself, and an occasional dab at the wrist with a razor blade because John had just walked out and oh God life was so rotten anyway.

Nor, I now realize, were these guys necessarily melancholy because of individual personality quirks. That was just the way you had to live in the '50s. Life took on the manic qualities of escapism, hysteria and depression in large part because a homosexual seemed doomed to a life of rejection, instability and alienation. It was the old story of society labeling any group of people "X," and so the members of that group became "X" to fit the stereotype. They thereby gained a fragmented concept of self, no matter how denigrating. Calling homosexuality a disease made it a disease.

That is why the play and the forthcoming movie "Boys in the Band" is so obsolete. "Show me a happy homosexual and I'll show you a gay corpse," the line goes. Straight out of the late '50s and early '60s. Today, it's, "Show me a happy homosexual and I'll show you two dozen more." In the '70s, if a host suggested at a gay birthday party that the guests play a George-and-Martha telephone game, he'd find most of them already in the bedroom having an orgy!

The reasons for this remarkable switch in attitudes towards homosexuality have been outlined in dozens of magazines and books. It is the difference between passive beatniks and militant protesters; between the fraternity going to church together on Sunday morning and the death (or rebirth?) of God; between getting sick drunk on gin or pleasantly high on grass.

Ironically for us, considerable credit for the New Morality goes to that most con-

spicuously hetero magazine, "Playboy." Whether it caused the enlightenment in sexual attitudes or merely was an effect of them, "Playboy's" success has been astonishing. It may be true that a whole generation of college boys has grown up assuming women have staples in their navels, but when the horny little toads get through masturbating over the centerfold, they read on to absorb a permissive viewpoint which has crashed down the mouldy tomb of Puritan morality.

And by now, what clergyman has not shown how hip he is by delivering a sermon punching holes in Heffner's balloon? It is indeed true that the "Playboy" pseudo-philosophy reflects a chrome-plated selfishness in which sex partners are to be looked upon as objects of adornment along with rabbit-embossed cuff links and cutsie-pie pajamas. Stripped of his Playboy Club key and overpriced accouterments, the young man abruptly learns there is more to life than unzipping his fly.

The rejection of this shallow materialism is one of the most heartening aspects of the flower children. Instead of the simple-minded, "Man, you should see the new car/sports coat/broad I have acquired," the accent is on peace, sharing, loving. Individuality is affirmed as "whatever your bag is, man." The "Playboy" type may deliver an embarrassed, sophomoric homily about how we should understand one another, but Woof, the happy little homosexual in "Hair," is a cherished—not patronized—member of the tribe.

And to homosexuals, an important distinction remains that there is no longer a distinction between making it with a chick and grooving with a guy. The underground newspapers even carry columns about the joys of bi-sexuality. And if bi-sexuality is here, can an open, free acceptance of homosexuality be far behind?

"Coming out" is dead; long live doing your own thing!

The 20-year old with whom I tricked the other evening saw no problem in having sex with his girl friend one night and with me the next. "What I really like to do is just cuddle and snuggle next to someone," he said, bringing out the latent Jewish mother in me. It was an honest, uncomplicated admission of what we've all sought—hetero or homo, 20 years old or 90, now or since the dawn of mankind: the security, delight and emotional fusion of making love.

God, how I needed that 10 years ago! Not only the sex and companionship but, more significantly, the ability to admit to myself that I needed it and enjoyed it most with members of my own sex.

But there's no point in crying over spilled semen. While we may admire the kids today for their honest and hangupless morality, there is a danger that admiration may turn to envy, despair and bitterness. Those of us over 30, let's face it, were born too soon. But we have the advantage of experience and, presumably, greater self-understanding. We need only maintain our appearance (something homosexuals have been adept at in any generation), shift mental gears and get with it.

It may be interesting to take sentimental journeys over the rainbow, but now it's time to let the sunshine in.

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THE RELEVANCE OF OSCAR WILDE

(Continued from page 53)

But at about this time also, he apparently turned toward sensuality. While his biographers believe his active homosexuality did not commence until several years after he left Oxford, it was while watching several undergraduates bathe nude that he exclaimed: "A new Beauty has arrived . . . which will sweep away that part of Christianity that is founded on feebleness and ugliness." And soon, a trip to Greece confirmed in him his fascination for pagan, Hellenic love.

When his influence on public thought reached a peak, he sponsored and guided those artists who developed the style now called "art nouveau" and saw that it was employed in the decor of his plays, in illustrations and bindings for his books, and in the design of his home and its furnishings. His clothing style anticipates today's "unisex look." His corded jackets, velvets, stripes, flowing drapery lines, mixed with subtle but obvious touches of color, became both widely copied and broadly caricatured. When escorting feminine beauties, he deliberately chose to coordinate his attire with theirs, and in fact frequently designed *their clothes* to match *his moods*. The great international beauty, Lily Langtry, was one of those who under Oscar's escort moved with such companions as the Prince of Wales and in the great ducal houses. Gilbert and Sullivan, in the operetta *Patience*, parodied Oscar's appearance as he:

"... walked down Picadilly
With a poppy or a lily
In his mediaeval hands."

Many saw the choice of costumes as a manic or even maniac contradiction of convention. Others recognized something deeper—the ability to challenge mediocrity or merely blind conformity, a pale, vegetable civilization, with machine-made clothes and furniture as disgusting features.

Wilde saluted "... the power to be moved deeply in the presence of beauty." Once, I passed a "hippie group" on a Colorado mountainside, lost in contemplation of the sunrise. I thought at once of Oscar's lines: "What is the soul? It is the essence of a perfect Beauty. I would like to breathe it in . . . and die of it if it had to be."

But it was true that even if Oscar's attire had not drawn attention, the intensity and challenge of his conversational flights would have done so. If the subject was music, he might call it "the most expensive of all noises," and then continue: "Musical people are so absurdly unreasonable. They always want one to be perfectly dumb at the very moment one is longing to be absolutely deaf." On women, he might castigate "... those who advertise their advanced ideas by neglecting their appearance." He felt the need among young friends, especially young men, to "free them from prejudices, to open their minds to *all* experiences . . ." or, as in one of his poems:

"... to live with every passion
Til the soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds
may play."

Homosexuality was only one of the "vices" found among the great families of Wilde's day. Many of the prominent, such as Ruskin and Lewis Carroll, were overly interested in immature girls. In fact, when Wilde himself sought a wife, she was more child-like than womanly, and when her body grew into heavier female proportions after childbirth, he withdrew to his own delicately furnished bedroom.

We find a strain of nihilism in all the early poems, and particularly in the "fairy tales" which proliferated at about the time Wilde's marriage began to dull. In some, he argued that adversity and perversity were enriching. Apparently he put this thesis to the test, for memoirs of recent discovery show that by this time, at the latest, physical pederasty had become one of Wilde's diversions. He proclaimed: "... nothing pains me except stupidity and morality."

The duality of Wilde's impact can be gathered from Andre Gide's responses. At their first meeting, Gide was extremely young, new to Paris, and highly impressionable. He apparently fell headlong in love with Oscar, but shocked at the implications of immorality, he fled to his home in rural France. A few years later, they were together at an oasis in North Africa. Blundering into a shaded room, Gide found Oscar in the midst of lovemaking; a young arab boy had been positioned across the top of a table for Oscar's convenience, and this time it was the poet's ungainly physical movements which shocked Gide more than the moral position. It was during this same North African visit that Wilde also induced Gide to share the same young arab boy with Bosie Douglas and himself.

A young friend of mine, a tiny and deformed cripple, often related premonitory nightmares in which he was taken to a poor room, his crutches taken from him, and then sexually used and finally shot to death. His death occurred in almost exactly that manner. In much the same way, Oscar Wilde apparently sensed his own ruin, saying that no greater recognition could be found than as defendant in a criminal case, "*Regina vs. Wilde*." In *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, he developed a self-portrait into which he mixed such powerful ingredients of evil and salaciousness that the book was used against him when indeed he did come to prosecution.

In Greek tragedy, the Choros helped the audience anticipate the catastrophe awaiting just beyond the next episode, while the hero advanced unaware of the tragic web. Not so with Oscar, to whom the fulfillment of his novel and thereafter of his own personal life required not only the pursuit of beauty, but its consumption and perversion, and finally destruction. His first and only true lover, Lord Alfred, was to be engulfed (principally through the provocations of Douglas' own father), and Wilde's wife and two children to be cruelly harmed.

Oscar's special masochism demanded much more than some simple stable boy or grocers' clerk could administer. He sought and found at last, in Bosie Douglas, a superior and complex young man described as "... poet of great promise . . . outstanding beauty . . . product of a family with a long history of nobility and madness . . . irrational . . . glowing . . . guilt and graceful

boy . . . quite like a narcissus, so white and gold . . ." Their affair grew to involve Wilde's brother and mother, wife, and friends, and Bosie's brother and mother, during meetings, partings, quarrels, reconciliations, money quarrels, and attempts to dominate and deflect artistic careers.

From Wilde's meeting with Douglas, their course together was like a runaway ride down a rocky hillside, with both waving confidently to bystanders many of whom wished their cart to be smashed. Meanwhile Queensberry turned from onlooker to actor in the drama, exhibiting the cunning and malice of monomania; from a strong position within established society he now chose to provoke and insult Wilde publicly, using a pretense that he was protecting the virtue of his estranged son Bosie.

Oscar's Irish pride and queen's dignity were at stake, and in spite of very excellent advice, he let himself become goaded and embroiled until he faced criminal charges. One trial dragged into another—and another—at last Oscar was imprisoned and disgraced, and finally exiled abroad.

In an earlier issue of this Magazine, I wrote of the Baron von Goeden of Taormina, and of his village of young Sicilian boys who doubled as nude photographic models and as tourist attractions. Wilde visited them for a period after his release from prison; I enjoy believing that Oscar experienced kindnesses there that echoed the Continental reproach to England: "Look how you treat your poets!"

But in England, at least, *the establishment* was safe for another generation.

PERSONALIZED COLOGNE

(Continued from page 24)

open bags between the shirts and shorts in your closet and they will stir up such a lovely commotion you may find them all you desire in the way of a personalized scent. If not only lingers on the cloth but makes a quick and happy transition to your skin with a perky delicacy that is irresistible.

Kiehl's Pharmacy (every known herb!) at 109 Third Avenue in New York City sells a prepared mixture called simply *Bath Herbs* for \$2.25 (postage extra). It includes lavender, orange blossoms, rosebuds, rosemary, chamomile, oak bark, linden and eucalyptus. And the instructions that come with the herbs tell you how to use them ingeniously in your bath.

SOME UNUSUAL MALE COLOGNES

While most male colognes are uniformly pedestrian, as mentioned earlier, there are a few which are works of genuine artistry and imagination. We highly recommend: *Monsieur Rochas* (dry and bracing) . . . *Monsieur de Givenchy* (absolutely imperial!) . . . also Givenchy's *Deodorant Stick* which is also richly blessed with this incomparable scent . . . *Braggi* (a remarkable cologne that smells like a rich, creamy, masculine soap . . . something many men prefer to the actual fact of cologne itself).

Aramis is getting a well-deserved play these days. And as fiery as a *fandango* is *Varon Dandy*.

Carven's *Vetiver* has an intriguing *odeur* that invariably causes 'what-is-it?' . . . you'll find it captivating. And Nini Ricci's

Signor Ricci is straight out of Casanova . . . *magnifico!*

Chanel of the famous No. 5 has come out with a No. 1—*A Gentleman's Cologne* which is already highly regarded, and the same Guerlain who works such miracles with *Shalimar* and *Mitsouko* works another with *Habit Rouge*.

Some great stores have colognes created for them alone and it is here that you may find that sublime fragrance which may be just what you've looked for all the time. One of these is *Bergdorf Goodman*, 5th Avenue and 57th Street in New York City. Write them for a listing of their colognes for men.

Still other *parfumeurs* sell only to specially-chosen stores and it is here that you will find *Kanōn Konservera*, made from exhilarating Swedish balsams and oils. The cologne is really 'go' and their *Rich Shave Foam* should do away with electric razors for eternity. It's so rich in these essential oils and balsams that one really need not apply but a hint of cologne. And if, while shaving, you rub a dab *en crevasse* or lovingly around your 'tower of Pisa', expect exciting miracles later in the evening!

Kanōn Konservera may be obtainable from your leading department store or men's shop. If not you may order from at least two stores in New York: *Bloomingdale's* at 59th Street and Lexington Avenue, and *B. Altman & Company*, 5th Avenue and 34th Street. Prices for these are \$7.50 for the cologne and \$2.50 for the *Rich Shave Foam*, plus tax and postage.

SCENTETIQUETTE

1) *If you are the 'leather type' forego scent of any kind.* The combination of rugged leather and honest sweat is its own cachet and the merest whiff of any cologne (especially those outrageous fakes called 'leather') destroys the image you have painstakingly constructed.

2) *Always bathe with a non-scented soap if you expect to apply cologne* (unless soap and cologne are of the same family). Otherwise you clutter them and the effect can be murderous. You can easily smell like Friday's corpse on Monday afternoon . . . ghoul-ish!

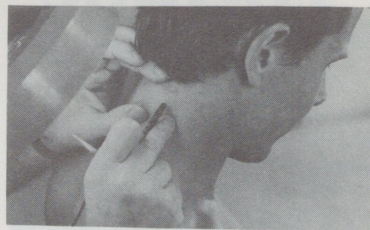
3) *Don't apply cologne directly on pubic hair* lest your lover arise from the seance with the frozen smile of an embalmed Cheshire cat. While tantalizing to smell, cologne is bitter to the taste. Try Q-tipping a small area of the skin beneath the pubic hair . . . a mini-consideration that will produce wild 'cooperation'.

4) *Don't put cologne on top of a scented deodorant* (unless the scents are identical) or they'll clutch-it-up like a Saturday-night orgy at the sauna. You'll find the new unscented *Arrid* excellent as the base for your favorite scent, with the sure knowledge of its continuing effect.

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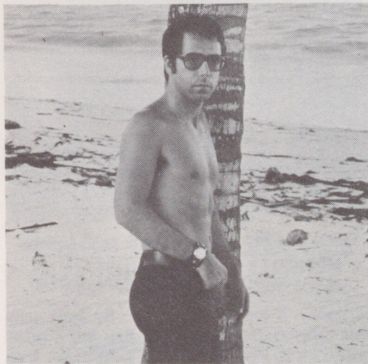
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SATYRIASIS

(Continued from page 17)

says is always perched on his shoulder, which represents his id.

"I, of course, realized the danger of cruising for a hustler and was quite ready to go home," he will explain at a cocktail party. "But Simone would have none of it, and so out we went into the gloom of the night."

In reality, that's probably as good an explanation for an unquenchable desire for sex as that of a midwestern psychiatrist who explained to a patient, "You can sexualize any frustration."

By that, the psychiatrist meant that disappointment or rejection in any unrelated endeavor subconsciously can be translated into an intense longing to go out and literally screw the world. If one feels thwarted just being good, he can always pride himself on being bad with a vengeance. The theme song becomes "Onward, Christian Soldiers," whimsically self-contradictory because Christians, as pacifists, aren't supposed to be killers.

If the boss, for example, wrongfully criticizes you at work, you can console yourself, consciously or otherwise, with the idea that damn it you are at least the most active stud in the office. If the social nuisance of pretending to be straight gets to be a drag, you can relish the delicious contrast when you're butchering it up with your fellow conspirators in a gay bar.

One of the most delightful whimsies of last winter was walking into a super-butch San Francisco bar where the groping (and even more direct activity) was notorious and listening to the juke box blare out that honky-tonk ode to the Great Silent Majority, "We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee; We don't take our trips on LSD. We don't burn our draft cards down on Main Street/cause we like living right and being free."

"Living right" in the Middle American context, it may be assumed, does not encompass sniffing a popper inhaler and getting gang-raped in an alley, but then neither does "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war!" And Simone purrs on.

There is nothing new about the psychological theory that being good is such a bore that one decides to be as wicked as possible. It is, in essence, the opposite of Freud's old observation that some people channel their sex into creative or intellectual fields via sublimation. Often, the ascetic thus meditates more profoundly and the spinster meddles in more Worthy Causes simply because they are utilizing some of the energy which otherwise would be dissipated on sex.

Frequently, when it is some other endeavor, rather than sex, that is thwarted, Simone the cat begins to purr salacious suggestions in one's ear! The horns begin to sprout, one place or another, and a satyr is born.

Sex then becomes a compulsion, a forceful urge that will not be satisfied by one or two climaxes with one or two tricks, but seems to drive you on to want more and more. The flesh may become weak, but the spirit is still willing.

(Speaking of the flesh, satyriasis should not be confused with priapism, a condition in which a man becomes aroused without reason. The erection may last for hours or

days and if prolonged can destroy the erectile tissue and leave the victim permanently impotent. This generally is a physical rather than a psychological problem and obviously calls for prompt medical consultation.)

A good example of sex becoming a compulsion is the hero of John Reche's second book, "Numbers." He establishes a goal of 30 orgasms which he must have with numerous partners in one weekend in Los Angeles' Griffith Park and succeeds, hardy lad, in fulfilling it. Afterwards, there is the same feeling of depression and alienation as in the conclusion of Reche's first book, "City of Night."

A genuine compulsion to have sex is not, as any psychiatrist would note, the healthiest bit of psychological baggage to be toting around.

Albert DeSalvo testified that he could not be satisfied with less than six love-making sessions a day—42 times a week! In case you've forgotten, Mr. DeSalvo is the self-confessed Boston Strangler.

In fact, many of the heterosexual world's passionate crimes of violence can be chalked up to the emotional torment of a frustration that has become sexualized or a sex drive that has been frustrated.

A Pennsylvanian, the father of two, was recently released from prison after serving five years for rape. As soon as he was out, he raped another woman and soon was back behind the walls. "I couldn't help it; I just couldn't help it," he explained.

Rapists frequently testify that they couldn't get a job, couldn't relate to people and just generally were down and out before they suddenly pick the nearest female at hand and rape her. Or, on the other side of the coin, the child molester will explain that he was unsuccessful in establishing a sexual relationship with anyone else, and so took it out on a child.

In either instance, the sexualized frustration or the frustrated sex drive, the result is a compulsion which becomes uncontrollable.

Mention of rape or child molesting brings shudders to many gay guys, particularly those concerned with legal reform for homosexuals, because they know only too well that for years the Conventional Wisdom argument against legalized homosexuality has been that this would encourage sex crimes against youngsters.

This is a harmfully erroneous misconception. The truth is that homosexuals (and how that word is defined becomes crucial) as a general category are responsible for fewer sex crimes against children than are straight men, usually relatives.

The general public, in its willy-nilly lumping together of anything it doesn't understand or finds morally repugnant, fails to distinguish between the genuine tragedy of rape or child molesting and the tired old prejudice against homosexuality.

It is, nonetheless, true that gay guys can get as hungup on sex compulsions as any straight man, whether he be a DeSalvo or a Don Juan. The difference, and it is a significant one, is that most gay guys know where to go to find so-called relief. Unless he is the closetiest of hermits, 80, in a wheel chair and has a syphilitic dribble, almost any gay guy who really wants it can get sex when he wants to. He may have to move to a city, go to a baths or pay for it—but it's there.

So what, in the homosexual context, is so bad about having a compulsion for sex?

Nothing. In fact, more power to you!

For instance, you've just broken up with your lover. He misunderstood you, he nagged you, he was all wrong for you. Still, it's going to take awhile for the scar tissue on your heart to heal. In the meantime, to quote Bette, "What to do, what to do?" Answer: engage in a little satyriasis. In other words, let yourself go, go, go.

This is far and away the most practical advice any gay guy can give a schweester who comes moping around in sack cloth and ashes because of an unsuccessful affair. By having sex so often there's not a drop of sperm left in you, you'll accomplish two things: you'll enjoy yourself and restore your self-confidence.

Self-confidence usually is the first casualty of a broken romance. A good, healthy siege of sheer, unadulterated sex can boost one's morale more effectively than a good cry, an acid trip or a prolonged drunk. And who knows, in the process you might meet a candidate for a replacement.

Similarly, any long, enforced period of sexual abstinence all but cries out for a counteractive binge of satyriasis. The grad student preparing for comps is well advised, after his exams, to hightail it to the nearest baths or VCB (very cruisy bar) and rinse his intellectual soul in that marvelous new enzyme cleaner known as seminal fluid.

Soldiers returning from Vietnam or sailors docking after a long cruise (at sea, that is) will testify that the best R&R is spelled s-e-x.

The junior executive can anticipate a sales convention in another city with added zeal if he notifies the boss that he will be forced to stay with Aunt Gertrude, and after every banquet must return home for a family reunion—and so, much as he hates to miss them, he'll have to be excused from those godawful let's-go-nightclubbing tours.

The joy of anticipating a satyriatic stint is half the fun; actually doing your own thing is another half, and the remainder is all those gorgeous masturbatory fantasies you saved up!

Here are some tips for anyone planning a week-long or even weekend binge of satyriasis. Consult your bar guide or friends to make sure something more than an Alice's Restaurant is available wherever you're going. Try to get at least one good night's sleep before going; otherwise, take along reds, bennies, No-Doze or whatever is your bag. If you like grass, poppers and similar goodies, save some for The Big Trip. If you're staying with friends, don't let them pack your schedule so full of chi-chi brunches or shopping excursions that you lack time for pre- and post-sex naps. Don't drive really long distances if you're exhausted—it could become a permanently lost weekend. Shortly after returning, get a blood test for syphilis (a good idea every six months, regardless).

Suppose you enjoy your binge so much you want to sprout horns and a tail and become a full-time satyr? This, alas, has its drawbacks. At first it's fun; you burn your candle at both ends because it makes such a lovely glow. Everyone deserves a period in life when he sucks the marrow, or whatever, from the very bones of life.

Spring, 1970

But sooner or later it becomes tiresome. Sex can be as addictive as drugs or booze. It's like finals week at college when your hands start to shake, you develop a tic and your weight suddenly drops. It can become your sole reason for existence, and then you're getting back to the problem of compulsion, rather than the free, friendly encounters which is what sex should be.

The turning point comes when you must answer yes to the question, "Am I looking for sex because I think I've got to have it and can't get along without it?" Is sex, in other words, controlling you? Is the tail wagging the dog?

Any psychiatrist will tell you that when an activity such as sex (or drinking, taking drugs or gambling) becomes the controlling motivation in your life, you're in hot water. You have lost the decision-making ability, the initial point for motivating behavior, to an outside stimulation. Life becomes reaction rather than action.

You become psychologically dependent on an external factor to the point that your "self" abandons the rudder and the ship of your personality begins to drift. You begin to skip work, classes or other responsibilities and are swept into the downward-spiraling whirlpool of depression, reaction and alienation.

Physically, you may soon look twice your age, become as debilitated as any skid row bum and in extreme cases may end up in a neuro-psychiatric ward with restraints on your arms to keep you from chronic masturbation.

If this all sounds like a Dorian Grayish picture, it's not intended to be, any more than it's intended as a Carrie Nation temperance lecture. Rather, the moral is as simple as it is old: moderation in all things.

Moderation, in regard to satyriasis, does not mean going to bed with a rosary in your hands so you won't abuse yourself. Nor does it suggest an interminable siege of adamant, see-how-many-times-I-can-climax sex. Somewhere, depending on the individual and his circumstances, there is a golden mean between occasional satyriasis and periodic restraint. When Simone starts to purr, by all means obey her every command. But give the poor cat a rest now and then, as she has only nine lives.

Whatever you are, do it well.

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A LESBIAN ON 7
(Continued from page 54)

out sometime. So if you hear of me being arrested . . . The graffiti (what there is of it) in the little girls' room usually runs to the "Mary Loves Marge" variety, while I suspect yours might be more graphic. The best graffiti I've seen was in a coffee shop with only one john for both sexes, so I don't know whether guys or girls wrote them. (Unisexual graffiti?) A couple of them ran, "Twiggy Is Hung" and "Golda Meir Is Calvin Coolidge In Drag." I'm fairly certain a guy contributed, "Hitler Was A Closet Case."

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Then there's the notation in a restaurant john under "Employees Must Wash Hands Before Leaving"—"On Any Kind Of Trip."

Why do girls—straight or gay—always seem to go to the john in pairs?

I've never really given it a thought, but I suppose it's true because girls tend to do everything in pairs more than men. I don't think there's anything salacious about it, as the only carrying on that takes place between most gay girls in johns is necking, if they have nowhere else to go, or if they're in a restaurant, for instance, and in a romantic mood. (Even at the Y meetings are more accidental than commonplace, as compared with your Y's).

As far as straight girls are concerned, they probably go in pairs to talk about the men they're with, or about their hair, make-up, etc.

Most gay guys have never experienced sex with a woman. Is this true of gay girls?

No... most gay girls have experienced sex with a woman. Err, that is... seriously speaking, there are far fewer women than men who are exclusively homosexual, for many reasons. For one thing, as far as first experiences go, girls are more or less forced into social relationships with members of the opposite sex at an early age, and are expected to be passive, while boys can more readily avoid such situations.

How do gay girls feel about the recent trend in making movies about lesbians?

At first we were excited about getting the attention after being nonentities compared with male homosexuals. The only precursor to the recent movies was "The Children's Hour," and it left one unsatisfied. It soon became evident, though, that most of the new films were exploitative. "Therese and Isabelle," for example, appealed more to straight men who get their kicks out of seeing two girls together, than gay women.

"The Fox" was a photographically beautiful film, though the original story by Lawrence has more to it.

I know a girl who had a straight friend who was worried because she was turned on by the so-called love scene in "The Killing of Sister George." My friend told her not to worry, that nobody gay could stand it, so she had nothing to be concerned about. When you have experienced things for yourself, especially in all their emotional nuances, Hollywood's attempts to simulate them seem laughable.

Is there any particular type that is universally desired by gay girls? What about body parts?

Probably not as definitely nor as physically as with gay guys. A poll taken once showed that two-thirds of all gay women surveyed had a definite "type" in mind as an ideal partner, but it encompassed personality more than appearance. I guess first experiences have a great deal to do with "imprinting" one's preferences. Generally speaking, we're not as turned on over particular body parts as I know you guys are, and I guess the only thing I can say is that there's a lot of fun to be found in all the types which lie somewhere between Sophia Loren and Twiggy.

CENTRAL PARK

*I am but a boulder,
Lifeless, lowly and forlorn.*

*Eons upon eons have I lain
'Neath a sheet of ice and snow;
A mere boulder am I.*

*But, if speak out I could,
A myriad secrets of earth could
I unfold,*

*Secrets locked within my rocky bosom
forevermore.*

*To many a love-tryst have I been witness;
I still bear the imprint of many a pledge
Incised into my crude, cribbled crust.*

*But not even the grass at my feet,
Nor the good earth upon which I rest,
Can ever the tale unfold.*

*I am but a boulder,
Lifeless, lowly and forlorn.*

—Anton Parry

AMEBIASIS

(Continued from page 33)

Surveys indicate the general infection rate in the United States to be approximately 8 per cent, though in some Southern localities the incidence has approached 40 per cent. In the tropics the carrier rate is generally high, often exceeding 50 per cent. Amebiasis no longer poses a serious threat to sanitized America as a whole, but is now running wild among homosexuals. Because symptoms resemble those encountered by sufferers of intestinal virus, amebiasis frequently goes untreated. If infection is minor, and if the patient is treated with certain antibiotics for whatever *incorrect* ailment has been diagnosed, chances are he will rid himself of infection. In the meantime, however, he may infect those he comes in contact with, either through ordinary means, or during sex, if he is passive in analingus, or any form of anal sex which might in some way cause his partner to ingest contaminated feces, even if microscopic, as in carelessness with the hands.

Left undisturbed, amebiasis can be fatal. Common signs leading to its discovery are in an incurable case of diarrhea, constipation, fatigue, slight fever, vague somatic aches and pains—especially in the lower right abdominal area, and bloody stool. If amebic dysentery is permitted to run its course, mortality rate can reach 40 per cent. Liver abscess is a primary danger. While amebiasis can be treated effectively with antibiotics before it invades the liver, once in this vital organ an operation may be necessary to halt its spread. If the liver becomes totally abscessed, this eating away ultimately breaks into the thoracic (chest) cavity or peritoneal (abdominal) cavity, causing death.

If you travel to undeveloped countries where the water supply is questionable, or where fresh fruit is taken from the field directly to the table, you should have your stool checked upon return to the States. This is a simple test which can be administered by your doctor in his office, or through him at a local laboratory; it involves

taking a specimen of feces for examination under the microscope. If you indulge in any form of anal sex, and if you experience any of the abovementioned symptoms, and if they linger, then a visit to your doctor is most certainly in order. Amebiasis is not a gay disease as such. It can be contracted in a variety of ways, and you needn't discuss your private life with your physician. However (and this point must be emphasized), if diagnosis is positive you owe it to yourself and your contacts to inform them of the problem. If they cannot afford private attention, your local Board of Health will direct them to a free clinic. Treatment is simple and swift—and is usually accomplished with oral medication.

It is unrealistic to suggest to any gay guy that he should not indulge in anal sex, or any form of sex for that matter. Sex in all its varieties is healthy and beautiful. One should not be inhibited in performing certain acts simply because a particular disease *might* be contracted. To be sure, we face danger of disease everytime someone coughs in our face, or blows cigarette smoke at us. Restraint is not wise, but awareness of those dangers which prey on gay guys is not only wise—but life-saving.

SUNBURST

*I am what I am,
A stranger to posterity.
Whence I came or whither I go
Is neither here nor there;
For I have come like the wind,
Noticed, felt but never wanted.
I am a child of the storm,
Born to be reviled and forsaken.
But, alas! hearken to the clarion-call!
It heralds the dawn of a new day,
The day I shall be free to love,
to speak out.*

—Anton Parry

GAY AMSTERDAM

(Continued from page 35)

house; the Rijksmuseum (seeing Rembrandt's "Night Watch" is a must); Anne Frank's fascinating garret, which will evoke chilling tales of Nazi terror as you wander freely through what served as a refuge for the Frank family for more than two years); loafing in an outdoor cafe in Rembrandtsplein, sipping *genever* (gin) or *advokaat* (a alcoholic eggnog); visiting a diamond-cutting factory (such as van Moppes); looking in on some of the smaller museums housed in old mansions on the canals (before going read "Europe on \$5 a Day" for inexpensive sight-seeing ideas); or just wandering around in the modern shopping district near Dam Square, or along the tree-lined streets bordering the canals (here there are many quaint shops, where you can buy inexpensive reproductions of famous Dutch paintings, or gay literature in such shops as Ensichten, Rozenboomsteg 14 and Univers

Bookshop, opposite the Flora Cinema near Rembrandtsplein), or in Dam Square at dusk, when the street painters and organ grinders are out en force.

Straight side trips might include a visit to the nearby cities of Spakenburg and Bunschoten, where residents still wear native costumes. Or visit Alkmaar on a Friday, or Gouda on a Thursday, to see the world-famous cheese markets. In spring, of course, you should take a trip to the colorful tulip fields.

Where to eat! Where to eat! Breakfast at your hotel, naturally. A quaint restaurant you will want to discover on your own, for lunch, or *broodjeswinkels* (mini-sandwiches) here and there. Afternoon drinks at a cafe. Dinner at Bali, 95 Leidsestraat, famous for its Indonesian *rijsttafel*; or Vijff (Five Flies), Spuistraat 294, somewhat colonial in decor; or Die Port van Cleve, 178 Nieuwe Zijds, where more than 5 million steaks have been served.

Where to cruise! Where to cruise! Amsterdam is filled with gay bars, as well as other meeting spots, and what makes this city especially beautiful by comparison with so many other European centers is its absence of hustlers. They are certainly there, especially among the hippies who now plague all European cities, but, generally speaking, the Dutch are well-to-do and poverty is not a driving force among the gay. Hence, love for love's sake is more readily available than elsewhere on the Continent.

By day, try the outdoor john in Rembrandtsplein (a park). Vandel Park, near the rose garden, in the Rijkmuseum area, is sometimes rewarding. Or the john in the Mint Tower, at canal level. Perhaps, a trip out to Zandvoort Beach, Pier 71—for men only. There is nude sunbathing and sex, away from the crowd, or smack in the middle of it if you hitch up with a guy who's dug himself an umbrella-covered 'fox hole' (a typical practice among European bathers everywhere, gay and straight alike; such holes provide protection from the breezes and a cool spot when one has had enough sun). To reach Zandvoort board a train at Station Centraal in Amsterdam, ride 7 miles, then walk along the beach.

Towards late afternoon or early evening you might want to visit the Saunabad Thermos, 246 Egelantierstraat (off Lignbaansgracht). It is open from noon to 11 weekdays, noon to 6 on Saturdays and Sundays. There you will find typical baths action, in a matted area behind a curtain. The clientele is international and beautiful, and at tea time the bell will ring and if you can tear yourself away for some socializing . . . well, it certainly makes for an unusual experience, to say the least. Saunabad is the action spot. Another baths, not as popular, is Sauna Athletic, Nieuwendijk 100, which has similar hours.

The most famous bars in all of Amsterdam are Club de Schakel (C.O.C.), 49 Korte Leidsedwardsstraat (near Leidesplein); and De Odeon King (D.O.K.), 460 Singel (near Koingsplein), the best in the city. Admission is by passport at both places.

Other bars are Argos, 20 Warmoesstraat (leather and rough trade); De Krokodil, 24 Amstelstraat (open daytime); Eldorado, 14 Amstelstraat (opens at 3 P.M., where the crowd consists of pure gay, hustlers, and bar-

tenders who wear jump suits and lace shirts); La Fiacre, 19 Lange Leidsedwardsstraat (artists and writers); Incognito, 42 Kerkstraat (popular); and MacDonald, 11 Reguliersdwardsstraat (young crowd). There are others, of course, but you'll probably get no further than the D.O.K.

Getting around is easy. Taxis are always available, and trolley service is excellent and easily understandable (it is impossible to get lost, as all trolleys terminate at Station Centraal). With your map in hand, you might prefer to walk if your hotel is near the action, but, while Amsterdam is relatively safe at night, you'd be wise to avoid harbor areas and dark streets. Take the usual precautions when cruising parks and outdoor johns, mentioned above.

Amsterdam is a lovely city. Per capita, it is the gayest in all of Europe. Here, even closet queens come out of hiding. Geographically sandwiched between the Northern blonds and Southern brunettes it provides an international bedroom for gay guys of all bags.

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THE MAN PILL (Continued from page 32)

off, is likely to leave lessened desire.

The second group acts more slowly, its stimulating action being more of a tonic character. Strychnine raises the sensitiveness of the sexual reflexes together with all other reflexes and also by increasing blood flow to the cord improves the nutrition of the spinal centers in cases of exhaustion and impotence. Phosphorus is supposed to act in a similar manner.

The third group acts promptly and only on desire and erectile power. Its members do not have any tendency to relieve sterility. It is this third group we are concerned with.

The reflex center for erection is stimulated specifically by *yohimbine*, an ancient Chinese drug, and all spinal stimulants such as strychnine and picrotoxin. Yohimbine is the principle ingredient used in pills containing other factors used to help sustain erection. This drug is prepared from the bark of an African tree (*Corynanthe johimbe*), which contains in addition a second alkaloid, yohimbenine, of no interest to us. Yohimbine has a peculiar action in causing chiefly dilation of the blood vessels of the genital organs; this leads to swelling of the testicles and erection of the penis. The sensitiveness of the genitalia is much increased and sexual excitement is brought on. (It is frequently used to excite brood bulls and stallions that have lost their libido.)

Five consumer products available by prescription contain yohimbine and/or other stimulants. The first and most widely used is *Andro Medicone*. Manufactured by the Medicone Co., New York, N. Y., each tablet contains thyroid, strychnine sulfate, yohimbine hydrochloride, and excipient. Taken as directed (one tablet three times daily), dosages are not harmful. Supplied in boxes of 60, and bottles of 500 and 1000, the tablets

cost under 5 cents each. *Andro Medicone* is not new; years ago, until it was determined that it had little or no value, orchic substance (ground up bull testes) was a chief ingredient.

The second is *Afrodex*, manufactured by the Bentex Pharmaceutical Co., Houston, Texas. Each capsule contains methyltestosterone, yohimbine hydrochloride, and nux vomica extract (which contains strychnine). Dosage is one capsule three times daily. Supplied in bottles of 100 and 1000, a single capsule costs about 12 cents.

The third is *Android*, manufactured by the Brown Pharmaceutical Co., Los Angeles, Calif. Tablets contain methyltestosterone, thyroid, glutamic acid, and thiamine hydrochloride. Yohimbine is not an ingredient in this product, nor in the fourth and fifth, *Android H.P.* and *Android-Plus*, more potent combinations manufactured by the same company. Because we were mainly concerned with yohimbine, we did not test the Brown products, and therefore cannot furnish information on packaging and price. Moreover, these drugs cannot be related to our findings.

All three manufacturers caution against prolonged use. Side effects include renal disease, convulsive states, hypertension, hyperthyroidism, insomnia, gastric distress, chills, malaise, rash, and backache. These are rare, however, and seldom experienced when the drug is taken as directed according to prescription.

Our experimenters found that *Andro Medicone* produced a slight thickening feeling in the throat. Some irritation in the prostate region was felt by others who took *Afrodex*. (Methyltestosterone, the male hormone, is capable of aggravating cancer of the prostate if taken in sufficient quantity.)

One experimenter claims that *Andro Medicone* permitted him to sustain an erection for four ejaculations in 11 minutes—only 20 minutes after taking a single pill. It should be noted, however, that age (21) and newness to gay life must have contributed greatly to this particular experience, in which the pill may have played little or no part. Nonetheless, it was found that men varying in age from 21 to 47 all experienced tremendous erectile powers after two days of administration. We therefore conclude that *Andro Medicone* or *Afrodex* should be taken for at least two to three days before a big sex scene. Among our experimenters it was generally agreed that such dosages produced an ability to sustain erection throughout an entire evening of unusual sexual demand—and by some who normally cannot go beyond a single round.

The *Man Pill* can be a boon to gay guys who continually 'burn themselves out' with too much sex. Like any drug, it should be taken in moderation, and only under a doctor's advice. Misuse of any drug can unleash a chain of harmful bodily reactions—for a kind of overall stiffness which is final.

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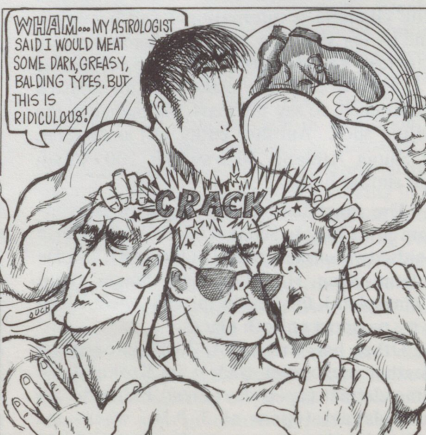
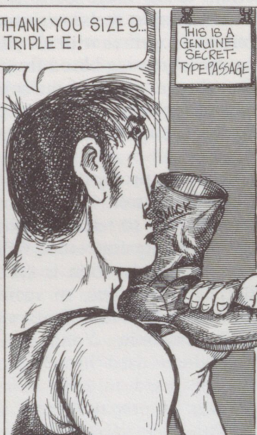
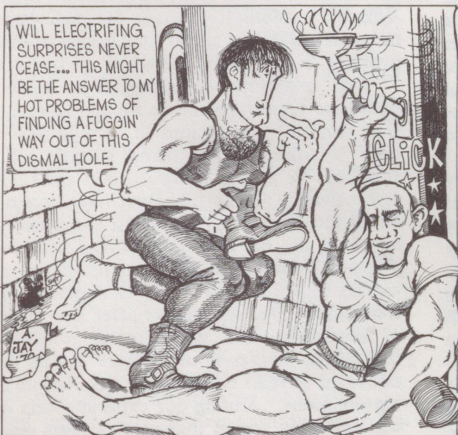
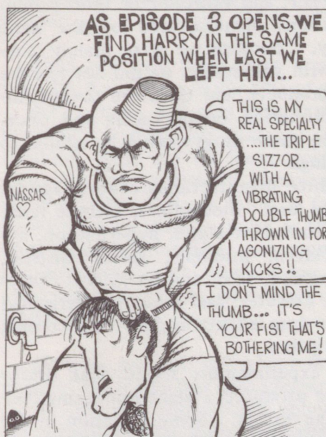
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"THE MISSING POT
of
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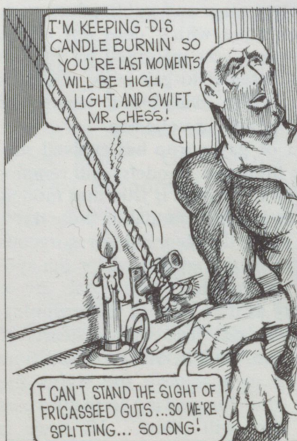
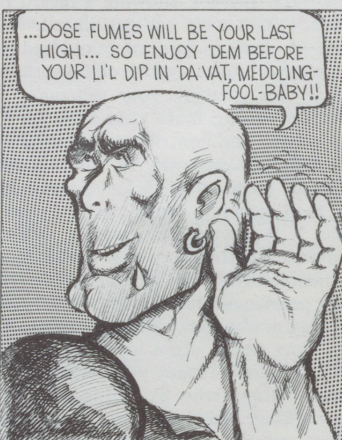
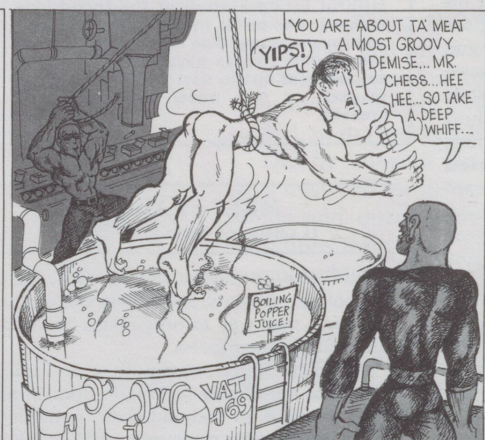
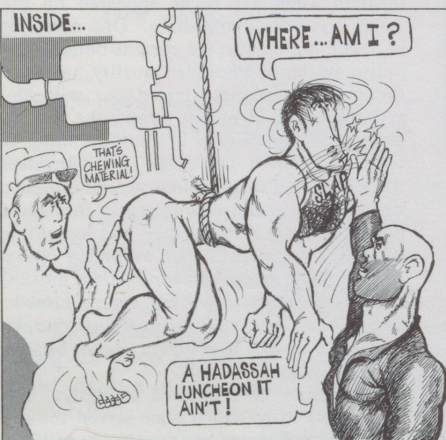
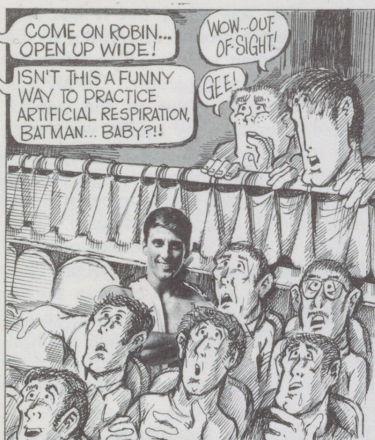
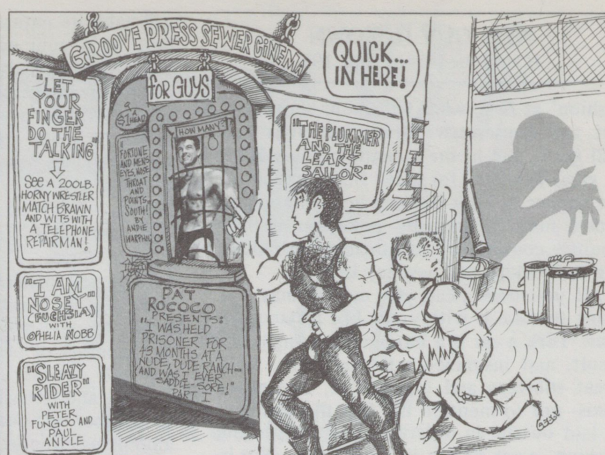
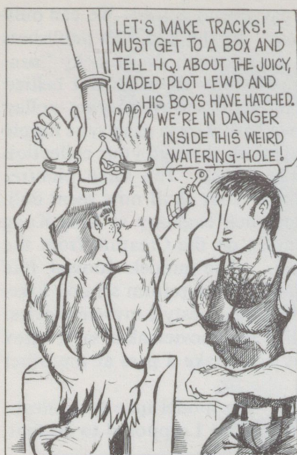
THE WAY IT WAS: OUR SUPER F.U.G.G. AGENT... HARRY CHESSE AND HIS HUMPY ASSISTANT, MICKEY MUSCLE, WERE HAVING TWO VERY BAD SCENES IN THE MYSTERIOUS HAIGHT-RASHBERRY SECTION OF S.F.!

HARRY, AFTER ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLING INTO THE NOTORIOUS 'SODOM 'N GONORRHEA BATHS' HAD FALLEN INTO THE DASTARDLY CLUTCHES OF EVIL LEWD LEATHER... AND WAS ABOUT TO BE SUBJECTED TO SOME EXCRUCIATING, CRUEL, UNPRINTABLE, NASTY-TYPE TORTURES!! IT WAS ONLY THEN LEWD REVEALED TO HARRY HIS TERRIBLE, WORLD-RATTLING, HORRENDOUS, AND BAD SCHEME OF BECOMING QUEEN-PIN OF THE MOST SINISTER, S&M, PORNO, UNDERGROUND MAG EMPIRE EXSISTING! HARRY, STILL REELING FROM

THIS STARTLING DISCLOSER, GATHERED ALL HIS JUICY RESOURCES... AND CONKED NASTY LEWD UNCONSCIOUS ... THEN SUCCEEDED IN ESCAPING. BUT THE VILLAINOUS LEBANESE MASSEUR... LEWD THOMOS SUDDENLY CAME OUT OF THE DANK DARKNESS AND PINNED HARRY BETWEEN HIS MASSIVE, SWEATY THIGHS (BE STILL MYSTIC MAG!).

MEANWHILE, MICKEY WAS HAVING UNPLEASANT MOMENTS OF HIS OWN IN THE JOHN OF THE INFAMOUS 'RED-HOT TUCKUS' WATERFRONT BAR. HAVING STRIPPED AND STRUNG MICKEY UP OVER THE URINALS, LEWD LEATHER'S THREE SEX-CAZED, SADISTIC, AND UNWHOLE-SOME NEPHEWS... LEWEY, DEWEY AND BLEWEY WERE ABOUT TO DEFILE M.M.'S YOUNG, INNOCENT TIGHT, WELL-TAPERED [CENSORED]! (AS IF YOU DIDN'T KNOW!)





NEW GUY IN TOWN

(Continued from page 19)

fashion' at first, what with your short haircut and conservative dress, but your hair will grow, and in the meantime you will be in great demand—for jaded homosexuals (as we sooner or later become in cosmopolitan cities) may occasionally poke fun at their country cousins, but nonetheless relish meeting and making any new guy in town.

If you own a car, you may or may not want to take it with you. For instance, in New York a car is a burden. Parking is difficult, and insurance rates are high. With great subways and bus service, as well as taxis—not to mention the fact that the City is laid out in an orderly easy-to-get-around fashion—a car simply is not needed. But in California, especially in areas such as Los Angeles, having a car is a necessity—for without one you will be trapped wherever you are. Communities are spread apart, and public transportation is lacking. If a car is not needed, then sell before you leave and travel by bus or train or plane. Selling after you reach your destination might get you an unfair price, depending on local economy and crooked dealers. You're much safer making a deal in your home town.

If you have a friend or know some gay guys in the city of your choice, write or phone well in advance for whatever advice they might offer. A good friend will usually extend an invitation to stay with him on arrival, but such hospitality should not be abused. Unless he is a prospective lover, and the feeling is mutual, accept, but only for a few days, thereby showing a regard for his privacy (not every gay guy likes having sex with his tricks in front of an old buddy) and avoiding a breakup which could easily develop if you overstay your welcome. While you are visiting, make your plans for a short visit clear, and contribute to housekeeping, laundry, and groceries. As soon as you feel relaxed, move to a YMCA if you have not by then located a groovy pad of your own. The Y is always comfortable, affords an opportunity for many new friendships, and is inexpensive. On getting a job you can seek permanent quarters at your leisure.

Gay newcomers especially radiate a trusting glow which often leads to trouble. Of course there are many wonderful guys in big cities, fellows who like yourself were once new. There are also con artists and leeches. They are obvious among the hippie types who would do anything for a handout. Until you are settled and get to know the ways of your chosen city, don't be completely trusting with strangers. This is not to say that you should be suspicious and impenetrable with people who show kindness, or guys you trick with. Be honest and giving of yourself, but also be aware that you may be an easy victim for the loan of money, a place to sleep, etc. Simply set guidelines for yourself, and don't go flip-flop over the first guy who tells you: "I love you." My God! I know a guy who gets so chummy on his first fling in bed with someone that he suggests and starts planning European vacations together. He's done it dozens of times—and inevitably cancels after not receiving that first phone call. As in any town, one cannot hunt for love; love must find you, and when it happens you will both know and the affair

will take its naturally beautiful course. At first, keep your eyes wide open and avoid being victimized by those who are pros at taking advantage of a good-hearted stranger. Ideally, if you have friends in your new city, or if you make friends easily, they in turn will introduce you to others—which makes things a lot easier during your adjustment period.

These, then, are general rules for all new guys in town. The decision to cut a niche for yourself in this beautiful world of ours is yours. If we can be of help in making your move, by advising you, feel free to write to any member of our staff. We do not charge for this service, and you will receive a prompt and honest reply. We consider you a member of our family. Your place is among us—wherever we congregate. Only with us will you find happiness. Join us. That someplace may be only a few miles from where you now live. Whether it is a short drive or trip of many hours, it can be the most difficult journey in your life—for that first step is the hardest. To find love you must take it.

"SONG OF THE LOON"

Richard Amory's "Song of the Loon" (Greenleaf Classics, 1966) is perhaps the finest gay novel ever written. It meets every requisite of homosexual literature, but does not simply titillate; it is an intricately woven fantasy set in the wilderness of Western America of the 1870's, involving sensual love among pioneer types and Indian braves.

A filmed version of this homosexual classic has just been completed. The feature boasts a cast of 50 players and promises faithful interpretation of the torrid love scenes in the book, involving male nudity and love-making. One can only hope that the players chosen have strong universal appeal so as not to destroy the images we readers of the novel have ourselves created.

MALE FRAUD

(Continued from page 20)

income than hitting the streets. Others are GIs, college students, and ribbon clerks who discover a neat way to turn a buck and have a little fun in the process.

The main appeal, obviously, is to vanity—which is a perfectly legitimate motivation if one has a sharp bod and wants to display it. Unfortunately, some unscrupulous photographers prey on both the naivete and vanity of younger models:

"Hey kid, you've got a great body there. I have this friend, see, who would really pay you well to pose for him. You just have sex with this other guy, see, and when the film is developed we'll invite you to come up and see yourself on the screen. It'd be outtasight. And it's safe—because we'll give you the film after we all look at it." The film, in reality, is used to make many copies—one of which is given to the model. What may have been a silly lark to a teenager or a chance to earn some quick change is serious business for the photographer—and for \$25, or even \$100, the model's future could easily be blown. College buddies might run across the flick and cause problems; others may choose to blackmail him after he becomes settled in a stodgy job years later.

Where is gay porno going? We can only hazard a guess. In the late 50's publishers flooded the market with those tacky "sunshine club" magazines in which pot bellied senior citizens were shown playing volleyball. Today we have wowie gang type hippie foursomes. Thumb through your collection of old muscle mags. The same pictures which once blew your skull now seem dull. They show as much empathy as King Kong putting the make on the Creature from the Black Lagoon. The models looked like retarded dropouts from reform school. Likewise for those old homestyle muscle movies:

"Ah, well," the moviemaker says, "flex your muscles and make a pass at the other guy."

"Dah, yah," the model quietly protests, "but, ah, like how am I supposed to do that, huh?"

The casting was poor, but it was even worse when these models attempted to display their thespian talents. Run a few old flicks on your mod projector. Oh my yes, see them emote in front of the camera. They shadow box. They squint, wondering what to do next. They drop their shorts, kerplunk. They squint again. They jump rope ("Hot damn, see that cute pee pee flop up and down!"). They squint again. They plop down on a bed while the photographer focuses on their dear little bods. Again they squint, this time furtively because they're supposed to be asleep. By this time any viewer but the dirtiest of old men has himself gone to sleep; has left to cruise a tea room; or has kicked himself in the butt for having been taken again.

The frustration experienced in movie theatres when gay flicks appeared on the scene is rapidly diminishing. One need not be taken these days; the current boon in gay porno portends improved quality. Just as the girlie magazines started out with the geriatrics ward at nudist camps, the shoddy quality of gay mags is becoming a thing of the past. When the dingy movie theatres first converted to all male programming guys started patronizing them because they were novel. Owners realized they had something going for themselves and expanded operations. Some began showing better movies, and, as a result, attracted return crowds. The houses that still feature idiot muscle-builder films of a bygone era cannot be long for this world.

Magazines have evolved similarly. The old muscle mags which once served the gay community have given way to beautifully slick gay picture mags and publications such as QQ—a magazine which does not mince words in keeping you informed on all subjects of vital interest to gay guys. Today's gay market makes available a variety of publications—whatever your bag.

The field of gay porno has evolved successfully. Its lifeblood—models—still remains frozen shadows. While it is true that models can be had in greater abundance these days, so stepped up is the demand for gorgeous studs that the tactics employed by the syndicate and unscrupulous individuals are as much a reality as they were in the beginning. Queen Victoria still lives in the hearts of Puritan America—and it will be some time before young men achieve the status the Gibson Girl took for granted so many years ago. That day will come. Its dawn is already here.

QQ

The Relevance Of Oscar Wilde Was He The First Of The Flower Children?

By David Loo

LIKE stories of Wicked Fairy Stepmothers and Bedevilled Maidens, the legend of the Marquess of Queensberry, Lord Alfred Douglas, and Oscar Wilde nests obscurely among clichés.

Once the best known, or perhaps "ill-reputed" homosexual of recent centuries, Wilde seems little known today to the generation with which he had so much in common. Details of his life, and in fact all exposure to his literature, have escaped the "now people." True, a delightful shop in the Village is called the Oscar Wilde Memorial Bookstore, but even there the patrons seem in search of the later writers. One would be hard put to find most of Oscar Wilde's titles except in the rare book collections of our libraries.

Wilde came into a world that carried the first heavy impact of the massive ugliness of mass production and the social upheavals under industrialization. His response was to ridicule, to hold up the mirror of detachment, and to suggest through both his writings and his life style his idealized conceptions of the aesthetics of nature and of classic beauty. These views were colored by his perversion.

Tickle a Leprechaun under the chin and he'll confide that Oscar was just a good Irish lad who got a bad bit for trying to teach culture to the impossible English. Others might claim a miscarriage of justice when a law intended to protect female virtue was turned around to punish a poet's enjoyment of cheap male prostitutes. Few would try to credit Queensberry with the simple fatherly concern for his son's morals.

One can compare today's "anti-establishment culture," "protest literature," and the "now people"—and the reactions, violent and wildly undirected, which underly the Wilde story. On the one hand, Wilde strongly avoided politics, economics, and social revolution; but this left him more strength to drive home his attacks on ugliness and false conventionality. Nor can we overlook his low opinion of established religions; he always saw religion as a theatrical and not a theological concoction, and rationalized that some men, homosexuals in particular, needed the solace of confession, "instant forgiveness," and a vicarious dressed-up pageantry as antidotes for chronic guilt feelings. "If I could hope that the Church would wake in me some earnestness and purity, I would go over as a luxury . . ."

Spring, 1970

There can be no doubt that the Marquess of Queensberry personified "the establishment." He was in fact the man who sought to bring order to the boxing ring, and even today "Queensberry's Rules" govern British and American fights. This man was to become society's tool in toppling the daring aesthete who challenged not only the attitudes but the very basis of English society.

Oscar's background was a wretched Ireland, ripped and wracked by religious and ethnic tensions, not unlike America's Deep South today. Some more enterprising families sought withdrawal, first to Dublin, then to London. Such a path brought Wilde to London, but did not lead him in awe and blindness; instead he came with an almost unerring recognition and rejection of both the truly horrible and the merely awkward. He reacted with eccentricity, indeed, in dramatizing his revulsions.

Did he hope to change the life which he viewed with such mistrust? Or did he seek simply to "do his own thing?" Ironical and disrespectful, Wilde's writings and public conversations threatened the "good order." He challenged the irresponsibility of the burgeoning nobility while seeming only to depict rather light-heartedly its balls, teas, and gatherings. Was his verbal masquerade only a step beyond a childhood in which he had been made to wear his mother's castoff outlandish gowns?

Wilde's equally bizarre parents—half mad, half-genius reprobate father, and mentally overwhelming and statuesque mother—had been the subjects of general curiosity, which extended to Oscar himself, in Dublin and the countryside, and at his schools. He returned the scrutiny of the curious with added measure. He retorted with verbal arabesques and such epigrams as:

"It is well to remember that nothing that is worth knowing can be taught."

"To get into society one has either to feed people or to shock them; that is all."

"Young people nowadays imagine that money is everything—and when they grow older, they *know* it!"

His idealism today might have found a place in "Peace Corps" work; as a young student at Oxford, he joined a volunteer group working under Ruskin to build a road between two poor villages.

(Continued on page 44)

A Lesbian On 7

Most Frequently Asked Questions By Gay Guys

By Dianne Leslie

I was so overwhelmed by your interest in my last article on how gay girls see gay guys that I thought I'd relate this piece to topics which seem to be foremost in the thoughts of my gay boyfriends. Thank goodness there seems to be a growing interest in QQ among gay girls, because I'm beginning to run low on material for you guys; starting in the next issue my articles will be devoted exclusively to subjects of interest to gay girls. I hope that won't prevent you guys from reading it. Hopefully, it might give you a better understanding of our ways, as we are getting of yours through QQ, and this will help pull our separate lives—which are so much alike—together.

For now, here goes on some of *your* favorite queries:

While it is less common today among young gay guys, we have always had our camp heroines. Bette Davis, Judy Garland, Mae West, and Carol Channing are just a few camp queens. Do gay girls have such heroines or heros? Who?

We have a few heroines, no heros. We younger girls like Lana Cantrell and Liza Minnelli, perhaps because they are closest to what we gay girls consider *universal* types. Garbo is still big with some of us, her famed elusiveness adding to conjecture concerning her sex life. I have several friends who like Ingrid Bergman, Deborah Kerr, and Simone Signoret for similar reasons.

Then there is Valerie Salinas, the girl who shot Andy Warhol. I guess she appeals to the 'man hater' part of some of us. In the same vein, though fortunately not carried to the same conclusion, was Honor Blackman as Pussy Galore in the movie, "Goldfinger." If you recall, she was the one who ran the flying school for all those sweet young things on the Goldfinger estate. She may have come to a predictable end for Hollywood (being seduced by James Bond), but tough Pussy was fun throughout the film and caused me to take a new interest in self-defense, Blackman's column on same (complete with pictures) being nationally syndicated thereafter.

The movie being a fly-by-night affair for most, Honor gave way to Diana Rigg on the weekly "Avengers" TV show. We kind of laughed up our sleeves at intimations that the Emma Peel character was carrying on with Steed. I mean, we just *knew* better. Anybody that cool . . . Well, in any case, she appealed to both straight and gay girls, what with her leather jump suits and feminine apartment.

Then, too, there was Lotte Lenya, who played a lesbian in "From Russia With Love."

A friend of mine who is very active in the homophile movement and was asked to appear on the TV show, "For Women Only," with Aileen Saarinen, related to me what Miss Saarinen said to her after the broadcast. It seems when she (Saarinen) was younger she had attended a party at which she accidentally came in on one of the people I've mentioned, in bed with another woman. She was shocked at the time, she said, but she wouldn't be now.

I have yet to meet anyone who really dug Fay Wray (King Kong's girlfriend).

Except for a few gay guys who have psychological hang-ups, we seldom play exclusive roles in bed. What about gay girls? How much role playing is there?

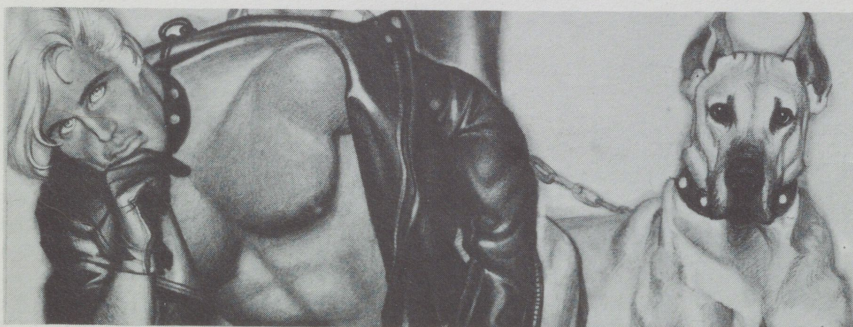
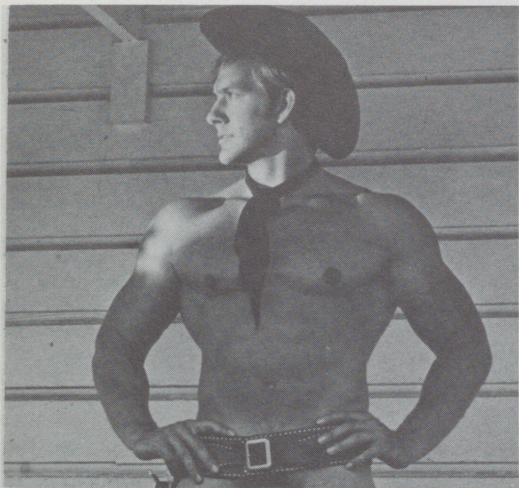
Role playing seems to be on many people's minds, overtly or covertly, whether they admit it or not. Even among those of us who profess to have our heads into more advanced thinking, there is enough joking about the subject to betray interest in it. (Of course stereotypes should be open to ridicule.) Perhaps it's because in its more obvious manifestations role playing is on the way out and we're all feeling the change, what with Unisex, the newly expressed similarity between the sexes.

As far as the bed scene goes, I know few gay girls who are exclusively active or passive. After all, if you can have your cake and eat it too, why not? Seriously speaking, it seems only natural to seek mutual gratification. I don't know how the role playing situation compares between gay girls and gay guys. I remember reading in a book about guys that only in rare cases do they go home together and discover that their preferences are such that they can't get together. I once was invited in for a drink by a girl who was quite butch. I felt it only fair to tell her that I was no flaming femme, whereupon she said, "Oh, well, two aggressive girls can have a lot of fun together."

What about gay graffiti in johns? Is there as much in your rest rooms as there is in men's rooms? What are a few choice scribbles you've seen?

I really can't say whether there is as much gay graffiti in women's as men's rooms because I've never been in a men's room. Maybe I'll check one

(Continued on page 47)



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